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THE ALAMO,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

*ORIGINAL AND COLLECTED.*

By SIMON<sup>✓</sup> KERL.  
" "



NEW YORK:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTH  
1868.

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UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & Co.,  
CAMBRIDGE.













## PREFACE.



HE degree of excellence to which any art rises in a community, depends very much on the estimation in which that art is held by the public. Men of genius are generally so sensitive and moody that they constantly need the gentle and encouraging pressure of public favor, to hold them to their course, and make them flower into full glory. It is generally believed, at least by us, that our country offers the most genial home to all the arts ; but, whether it is from the usual inferiority of the stuff, from the slanders of ruthless critics, or from the total want of rhythm in the discordant nation itself, certain it is that the Muses do not seem to be among the favored daughters of the Republic. Our booksellers declare that "poetry does not pay," — that "it is of no commercial value," — that "the publication of it is but a losing business"; and they have pretty well established the rule that whoever dares to stray from common sense into minstrelsy must pay for his own music, or bear all the expenses

of publication. Newspapers and other periodicals seem to have crowded books almost out of the world ; and there is constantly kept up among us such a tumult, turmoil, and clamor in the frog-pond of politics, that the cicada of song can hardly be heard through the din. Perhaps no other people ever ran more rapidly and completely into prose, money-making, and political madness ; but when we shall have rode all hobbies to death, and run to the tail-end of every *ism*, we shall doubtless find leisure for such trifles as peace-making, the ornamentation of our country, and the musical development of our national soul. The following poems are therefore published without sanguine expectations of success, but yet without any cowardly fears about consequences.

Of the pieces in particular, I have not much to say. Most of them were written during an interval of more than twelve years, and in the midst of other kinds of business ; but under the immediate pressure of feeling, and in very different moods of mind. The freshness and unusual variety thus imparted, will perhaps relieve the reader somewhat for the want of that greater excellence and high finish which are attainable only when a person can devote all his time and thoughts to the cultivation of a special art. All of the pieces, however, are designed to be cosmopolitan rather than autobiographical, even when written in the first person.

that every book of mine may tend to enlighten, improve, and elevate mankind, and perpetuate sound republican principles, rather than produce a contrary effect.

Besides, I must confess that I am not a great admirer of that over-fine and super-sensuous style of poetry, — that exquisite gossamer gilding, — which is now most in fashion, and which lies in words and manner more than in thoughts or invention. I believe that poetry should be *robust*; full of sense, feeling, and imagination, — as full of them, if possible, as an orange is of juice, — even if some of the lines, in consequence, are occasionally a little rough. And I also believe that inexact rhymes, if new, may be sometimes preferable to such cloying ones as “trees” and “breeze,” “glows” and “flows,” which were worn out long ago. Nevertheless, I am aware that from an artistic point of view some of the following lines are open even to liberal criticism; yet I hope the amount of what is faulty and trashy will not exceed the general average of new publications.

Whether the poems are all mine, or very nearly all mine, I shall not divulge at present; but as our country is full of critics who pretend they can taste in the grafted fruit the very stock on which it is grafted, and who, from their prejudices, can so readily find dislikes even at planetary distance, I shall politely leave it first with them to decide what is what, and which is which.

The first poem was written while I was a minor, and it is therefore a little more eulogistic of war than my present principles, and views of civilization, would approve. The next poem, "Types of Life," was written at melancholy intervals, during several years of depression, from which it may have received something of a lugubrious air. It is designed to diminish that excessive concern and anxiety which most people give themselves about this world, and which is so great a source of tyranny, injustice, and unhappiness. It also aims to show every phasis of human life, and has more meaning in it than is apparent on the surface. The satirical poems are of course designed only for those who deserve them ; and I hope no guiltless or meritorious person will feel aspersed by any such verses. A long and severe poem on the times has been omitted from patriotic motives ; and the omitted lines in the last poem are not indelicate ones, but such as have been omitted from the same motives. Some of the printed lines are perhaps a little coarser than the taste of the present age justifies ; but who does not despise feeble writing ? and why should not an author be governed by universal human nature, truth, and consistency, rather than by what may be simply the fashion of his day ? "Books," said Milton, "should be written for the good of man and the glory of God." I have no hankering for either money or fame ; but I earnestly wish





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## STORMING OF THE ALAMO.<sup>1</sup>

“Mortalia tangunt mentem.” — VIRGIL.



HE boding day had gently sunk to  
rest

Behind the glowing curtains of the  
west ;

A holy stillness reigned, as if above

The blest looked down in sympathy and love ;

Night slow drew o'er, to wrap the world in  
sleep ;

And o'er the plains, like o'er the mighty deep,

Rose the full moon, and proudly soared on  
high,

Along the clear and silver-dappled sky ;

Soft from the Gulf, o'er flowers, the breezes  
came,

And softer purled the bloodless fountain<sup>2</sup>  
stream ;—

But on its banks the brave were soon to die,  
For dooming waved the blood-red banner nigh,  
That spoke the unsparing vengeance of the foe  
Against the patriots in the Alamo ;

A band who 'd rather mingled with the dust  
Than failed to meet their country's sacred trust.

On their resistance hung a nation's fate,  
The strife did thousands anxiously await ;  
From west to east, from mountain to the  
strand,

Had war and desolation roused the land ;  
The farmer's home in smoking ruins lay,  
Or else to famine, Indians, wolves, a prey ;  
And Fannin's<sup>3</sup> massacre — alas ! for shame !  
A bloodier deed ne'er damned a tyrant's name.

Dense in the west the hostile forces lay,  
Like brooding tempest on a summer's day ;  
But most the camp-fires sent their lurid glow,  
Most pointed cannons, to the Alamo,  
And startled, now and then, the drowsy  
    night,  
Like bursts of muffled thunder flashing bright ;  
While forth the tyrant drew his war array,  
To crush the patriots ere the dawn of day.

The Texan leader and his faithful band,  
With persevering and intrepid hand,  
Threw earth against the Alamo's frail walls,  
To break the force of hostile cannon-balls ;  
Till, much fatigued, the most themselves re-  
    posed,  
And soothing sleep soon every eye had closed —  
Not ev'n the sentry's utmost will could keep  
His watch-worn self from being absorbed in  
    sleep.

But short their rest ; for ere the coming morn —  
Sweet Sabbath morn — began the east to  
adorn, —

Just as above the horizon, from afar,  
In silent brilliance beamed the morning star, —  
The numerous and bloodthirsty foemen came  
With lance, and sword, and cannonading flame,  
Urged by the wrath that rankled in the breast  
Of Santa Anna — tyrant of the West.

All trembling eager, still they move and swift,  
Their arms they draw, their scaling-ladders lift,  
When, lo ! the sentries' guns ! and 'larming cry,  
“They come, they come ! the Mexicans draw  
nigh !”

And, roused from sleep, the valiant Travis cries,  
“To arms, to arms ! brave comrades ! — Wake !  
arise !

Rush forth to battle — life is but a breath —  
To glorious victory, or to glorious death !”

Up, like a mine, spring fierce the patriots all,  
And in an instant have they cleared the wall ;  
Again the foe in heavier mass rush on,  
Again in triumph are they slaughtered down :  
But now, with ponderous battering-ram supplied,

They make assault in one tremendous tide ;  
With thundering crash they burst the gateway  
in,

And with loud yells the furious strife begin ;  
While others scale, all round, the castle's height,  
And everywhere begins the murderous fight.

With horrid sound, swords, spears, and bayonets clash,

And here and there gapes wide the mortal gash ;  
Full many a vein pours out the warm life red,  
And heaps of dying strive o'er heaps of dead ;  
Full many a proud form, fierce with martial  
glow,

At once drops wilted by some thrust or blow ;  
And soldier beside soldier sinks to ground,  
Weltering in the blood that flows around.

Now fiercer yet goes the dark carnage on,  
With dying calls to God, and tugging groan !  
The Texans bravely still their ground maintain, —

In ramparts heaped, around them lie the slain ;  
True to themselves, their country, and their  
    gods,

They never bend, however great the odds ;  
And, scorning to be galled by captive chains,  
They fight till not a spark of life remains, —  
Till every one by mortal wounds sinks low,  
In battling with an overwhelming foe !

Thus fought brave Travis and his Spartan band,  
Thus gave their lives to save their chosen land ;  
Thus Crockett<sup>4</sup> fell, — a braver man than he



Ne'er fought for right, or dared for liberty ;  
Thus Bowie, too, of chivalry the boast,  
Fell like a panther 'mid the storming host ;  
Thus many a Texan, noble, young, and brave,  
Found in the Al'mo an untimely grave.

O for an arm from Heaven to save the brave,  
When wrong and power crush them to the  
grave !

O for a thunderbolt of mortal power,  
To smite the tyrant in his triumph hour !  
Sure angels weep, if angels weep at all,  
When truth and freedom with the patriot fall !

All business ceased, the towns in silence lay,  
Men brooded deep in vengeance and dismay,  
And naught was heard save woman's wail of  
woe,

As spread the tidings from the Alamo.  
Ah ! many a wife was made a widow there,

And many a maid bereft of lover dear ;<sup>5</sup>  
And still the sister's tears and orphan's flow  
For those who sleep within the Alamo.  
Though now, like saints, they rest beneath the  
soil,  
For which so oft they bore campaign and toil.  
No more they heed the Indian battle-yells,  
The blazing cannons, or the bursting shells,<sup>6</sup>  
The bugle's martial, animating blast,  
Or clashing swords and thrusts that seek the  
breast.

But they have won the patriot's highest aim, —  
Their land's deliverance and immortal fame ;  
And though they perished while they fought so  
well,  
They now sleep victors where they fought and  
fell.

Their country, and each patriot land beside,  
Shall think of them with gratitude and pride ;

The traveller oft shall o'er their ashes pore,  
Recall their deeds, and love his country more ;<sup>7</sup>  
Earth to her flowerets there shall give a glow,  
With glory tintured from the brave below ;  
Heaven's zephyrs, mourning, there shall fondly  
bring

The earliest fragrance of returning spring ;  
And through all time — while age on age shall  
flee —

Their tomb shall stand a proud Thermopylæ :  
For hallowed ever must their memory be  
Who gave their lives for law and liberty.

Illustrious patriots ! if this worldly life,  
This mystic maze of error, blood, and strife.  
Yields one great soul that must triumphant  
rise,

It is the hero's who for justice dies.  
What though crushed hopeless in his brave  
career,

And hearsed without a coffin or a tear ;  
What though he fall a victim to the shroud,  
Before his country's rainbow spans the cloud, —  
Like sun and star the moral of his deed  
Shall live and shine. His wounds shall ever  
    bleed ;

And from each life-drop of the martyr slain  
The crimson flower of war shall bloom again.  
In hearts unborn, his cause, his thoughts, shall  
    grow ;

The maid shall weep, the stripling catch the  
    glow ;

The statesman's voice, the poet's heavenly lyre,  
Shall wake in nations his ethereal fire ;

A generous world shall from the sacrifice  
To better thoughts and nobler actions rise ;  
And Heaven's high seraphs shall receive the  
    guest,

Forever honored and forever blest !

## NOTES.

Note 1, page 9.

THE Alamo is an old Mission, situated in the city of San Antonio, in the western part of Texas. It was occupied in the spring of 1836, by Travis, Crockett, Bowie, and about one hundred and eighty kindred spirits, for the purpose of resisting the invasion of nearly six thousand Mexicans, commanded by Santa Anna himself. The defense, though unsuccessful, probably saved, by the delay it caused, thousands of otherwise defenseless women and children from disgrace and massacre; and it so weakened and intimidated the forces of Santa Anna, that he was afterwards easily defeated on the memorable plains of San Jacinto. The wonderful heroism and thrilling exploits of the defenders have rarely been equalled by any others of the human race; and it may well make any people proud to know that men so heroic and patriotic were their countrymen.

Note 2, page 10.

*And softer purled the bloodless fountain stream, etc.*

The San Antonio river rises a short distance above the city of San Antonio. It is formed at

once by a large group of springs that burst forth, crystal clear, with a sufficient volume of water to make a river. To this river joins itself, immediately afterwards, the Medina, a beautiful stream that comes purling out of the mountains. The San Antonio is lined with poplars, or a species of tree called in Spanish *Alamo*, whence the name of the fort. This whole section of country is, in scenery, soil, and climate, one of the most beautiful and desirable spots on the face of the earth.

I hope the description of natural scenery with which the poem begins, will not seem, to the critics, out of place. During the present civil war I have ever noticed that battle and carnage seemed most terrible when Nature appeared in her greatest loveliness; the dark and awful passage into death contrasting more deeply with the silent brightness, bloom, and innocence of the beautiful world left forever behind. But the idea is probably better touched upon in an extract which I quote from the *Edinburgh Review*:—

“ ‘Strange,’ murmurs the dying invalid, looking out from his window upon the world, — ‘strange! how the beauty and mystery of all nature are heightened by the near prospect of that coming darkness which will sweep them all away! The very limitation of the term of enjoyment has much to do with the exquisiteness of life’s pleasures. It is the perishing blossom that is so pre-eminently beautiful.’ ”

Note 3, page 10.

*And Fannin's massacre — alas ! for shame !  
A bloodier deed ne'er damned a tyrant's name.*

The introduction of this incident into the poem produces a slight anachronism, but probably not too great for poetic license. Fannin and his men, being altogether overpowered by numbers, surrendered on condition that they were to be treated as prisoners of war, according to the usages of civilized nations. But after they were disarmed, Santa Anna gave orders to have them shot ; and they were accordingly murdered in cold blood ! More of the details of this massacre is given on the following pages. .

The word *Fannin* I have written as I have found it printed in the historical documents of Texas ; but it should probably be *Fanning*, because this is a common name in the eastern part of the United States, and because a number of adventurers from Connecticut settled in the western part of Texas, having accompanied Austin, or followed in the wake of Austin, — a daring pioneer from Connecticut, who founded Austin, the present capital of Texas.

The dropping of *g*, from the ending *ing*, is so common a fault of pronunciation, that in the somewhat illiterate back-woods it might easily pass into the spelling itself.

Note 4, page 14.

*Thus Crockett fell: a braver man than he  
Ne'er fought for right, or dared for liberty.*

This was the celebrated David Crockett, who is almost as famous in the United States as Robin Hood in Great Britain; though the character of Crockett stands far higher from the fact that he was perfectly honest, and acquired his reputation solely from the nobility of his manhood and the romantic nature of his adventures.

*Thus Bowie too, of chivalry the boast,  
Fell like a panther 'mid the storming host.*

This was Colonel James Bowie, the celebrated border brave after whom *bowie-knives* were named.

I have preferred the American figure, "like a panther," to the more trite and euphonious Oriental figure, "like a lion." The panther is the most dreaded monster in the forests of our Southern States, and he grows unusually large and fierce in the wilds of Texas.

Note 5, page 16.

*Ah! many a wife was made a widow there,  
And many a maid bereft of lover dear.*

"He then approached Kate, kissed her, and leaped upon his horse. He tried to conceal his emotions by singing carelessly, —

‘Saddled and bridled and booted rode he,  
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee.’



“The tremulous and plaintive voice of Kate took up the next two lines, which sounded like a prophecy :—

‘But home came the saddle, all bloody to see,  
And home came the steed, but home never came he!’

. . . . . I asked him whether he wanted any thing. ‘Nothing,’ he replied ; but drew a deep sigh that seemed to rend his heart, as he added, ‘Poor Kate of Nacogdoches!’ his eyes filling with tears, ‘her words were prophetic, Colonel.’ He spoke no more, and a few minutes after died. Poor Kate! who will tell this to thee?” — CROCKETT’S *Adventures in Texas*.

Note 6, page 16.

*No more they heed the Indian battle-yells,  
The blazing cannons, or the bursting shells.*

“Shells have been falling into the fort like hail to-day, but without effect.” — CROCKETT’S *Adventures*.

Note 7, page 17.

*The traveller oft shall o’er their ashes pore,  
Recall their deeds, and love his country more.*

“The bodies of the slain were thrown by the Mexicans into a heap, in the centre of the Alamo, and burned!” — YOAKUM’S *History of Texas*.

“Little,” says Dr. Johnson, “is that man to be

envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Much of the documentary and other primitive history of Texas, relating to the Alamo, is nearly lost. It is a pity that so interesting a part of American history as that in which ended the earthly career of those demigods of warfare and adventure, Crockett and Bowie, should be thus allowed to pass into oblivion. I hope the reader will therefore pardon me for endeavoring to preserve, in the following pages, and in a little better dress, those fragments which have come into my possession. These fragments will also confirm the historical accuracy of the poem. But before I give them, it will be necessary to make, for the better understanding of the subject, a few remarks in regard to the cause of war and the character of the belligerents.

Texas, many years ago, when it was a part of Mexico, was but thinly inhabited by whites ; and this population extended chiefly along the southern and the eastern part of the country. These inhabitants were continually harassed by raids from the Comanche Indians, who were then a powerful tribe, inhabiting the northwestern part of the State. It was therefore determined by the white population to strengthen themselves as fast as possible ; and so a law was enacted by which a homestead of a Spanish league, or four thousand four hundred and

forty-four acres of land, from any of the unoccupied territory, was granted to every white family that would emigrate to the State for permanent residence. Attracted by so large a bounty, by the fertility of the soil, and by the delightful climate, many people from the different parts of the United States went to Texas, and became permanent settlers. In this way the white population soon became sufficiently strong to protect itself against the Indians. But now another trouble arose. Santa Anna, having become very powerful in Mexico, and aiming probably at royalty, set aside the established constitution, changed the republic of states into a "concentrated democracy," and had himself proclaimed Dictator of it. All the states of Mexico acquiesced, except two, Zacatecas and Texas, which revolted. Zacatecas was soon subdued by the armies of Santa Anna ; but Texas not only defeated Santa Anna, but captured him, and kept him prisoner until her independence was established. During this struggle the people of Texas suffered many and great hardships ; for both the Mexicans and the Indians were arrayed against them. They therefore appealed for help to the sympathy of their kindred in the United States ; and, as they were fighting for constitutional liberty against tyranny and an inferior grade of civilization, many of the bravest men in the United States promptly volunteered to help them fight their battles. These men

were called the "Volunteers from the States," or simply the "Volunteers"; and among them were Crockett, Bowie, and most of the soldiers who first met the chief invading army of Mexicans on the western border of Texas. With these preliminary remarks, the following loose sketches will be intelligible :—

"Since the first provisional government went into operation, and especially since the surrender of the Alamo, the last Mexican post in the country, Texas had been, *de facto*, an independent state. She had, however, hitherto acknowledged a qualified dependence upon the federal government of Mexico, —such as the States of this Union owe to the general government ; and this dependence, so far from throwing off, she had carefully observed, and, indeed, striven to maintain, until the authority to which it was due no longer existed even in name.

The people of Texas had now put forth their pretensions to the rank of an independent nation, and published them to the world in solemn form, not from vain pride, but from necessity. We shall not pause here to inquire into their right. The inquiry can not be necessary, since the measure was forced upon them ; or if indeed there was an alternative presented to them, and rejected with becoming scorn, the people of Texas will never be reproached, by any citizen of the United States, for having rejected such an alternative : to him it must

appear that the motive was imperative. Had the measure been adopted a few months earlier, in the midst of the confidence inspired by the astonishing success which had crowned the efforts of a few armed citizens, it might have been pronounced a mere ebullition of pride, from which Texas would shrink in the day of trial, when threatened with real dangers, or overtaken by adverse fortune ; but never in the eyes of the world was she farther from independence than at the moment which was chosen to proclaim it. It was done in the face of the chief\* whose right was thus disputed, and who was surrounded by a force that had been pronounced sufficient to crush the country at a blow, — a chief whose military career had hitherto been attended by unvaried success, and whose repeated victories had acquired for him the reputation of being the ablest general of the age, the ‘Napoleon of the South.’ However men may differ about the right or the expediency of a declaration of independence by the people of Texas, all must respect the courage which called it forth in the face of those dangers which surrounded them.

We have here anticipated, to some extent, the events of the second campaign. This seemed to be necessary, in order to bring down our history of the civil affairs of the country from the surrender of San Antonio by the Mexicans to the Texans.

\* Santa Anna.

This event having closed the campaign, the Texan citizens, of whom the volunteer army was largely composed, returned to their homes ; and the forts of San Antonio and Goliad were left to be garrisoned by the volunteers coming in from the United States. Direct appeals had been made to their sympathies by various addresses from the Texan authorities at home, and from their agents in the United States. But the best and most effectual appeal was the simple fact that their brethren were doing battle, in the cause of liberty, against fearful odds.

Finding that the enemy had already been driven from the country, and no certain intelligence that he was about to return, and finding also that their support would be a heavy burden to the people, many of the Volunteers, and especially those who were unprovided with means for their own support, returned to the United States before the opening of the campaign. Of those who remained, a portion were scattered through the country, waiting a demand for their services ; but the greatest portion joined the garrisons at San Antonio and Goliad ; the Texans still remaining at their homes, waiting also a call for their services.

Continual rumors were afloat during the winter, that the Mexican chief was preparing to invade the country ; and reports frequently came that he had already entered it, and was advancing upon San

Antonio. Alarm and preparation followed, which soon subsided on a contradiction of the report. Rumors were also afloat of commotions and insurrections in different parts of Mexico ; and many people believed, that, in the unsettled state of the country, Santa Anna could neither invade Texas himself, nor spare any considerable force for that purpose.

In this state of things an expedition against Matamoras was much discussed among the Volunteers, and for this purpose most of those at San Antonio were drawn to Goliad. Colonel James W. Fannin, a brave and accomplished officer, who commanded at the latter place, finding the expedition disapproved by the authorities of Texas, declined to proceed. But Colonels Grant and Johnson, notwithstanding, determined to go on with about one hundred Volunteers, who were willing to accompany them. About the last of February they had reached the neighborhood of San Patricio ; and, having neither seen an enemy nor heard of any, they were moving carelessly on, unsuspecting of danger, when they were surprised by a large force, — the van of the right division of the invading army, — and nearly all cut off. Colonel Johnson, with two or three others, escaped, and brought the first intelligence of the approach of the enemy.

At this time the whole Texan force in the field did not exceed five hundred men ; and an army of

eight thousand Mexicans, in two divisions, had already advanced far into the country, and was rapidly approaching the settlements. At least, such was the rumor that reached San Felipe and spread over the country about the first of March. The effect of this report upon the minds of the Texan people was neither what it ought to have been, nor what might have been expected, in view of the heroic courage which had been exhibited in the last campaign. So much may be said in general terms. But the degree of censure to which they are justly liable, will best appear from a detail of the principal facts and circumstances, which may be supposed to have exerted an important, not to say controlling, influence over their minds at the time. The events of the last campaign, so flattering to themselves and so discreditable to their enemies, were little calculated to stimulate to vigorous effort in preparing against another attack. That vigilance which keeps a wakeful eye upon the slightest movement of an enemy, the sure precursor of success in war, had been lulled asleep by too much confidence in their own prowess, and too great contempt for their enemy. From the proneness of the human mind to fly from one extreme to the other, there was now great danger that this high-wrought confidence would be succeeded by a panic; and unhappily for the Texans, there were now too many circumstances to aid in producing such a



result. It was certain that the enemy, in great force, had reached the very threshold of the settlements, while the people of these settlements were wholly unprepared to meet them. This invading force, which, even when truly represented, must in their condition have been sufficiently appalling, was variously exaggerated ; different reports making it from ten to twenty thousand men. The offended chief had come with the declared intention, if he found resistance, to spare neither age nor sex, but to lay the country in utter desolation ; and, as an earnest of his sincerity, he had come with his hands yet stained with the blood of Zacatecas.

He had advanced thus far with a celerity, which, from the condition of the country, would have been deemed scarcely practicable. His arrival, therefore, in the heart of the settlements, might be almost daily expected. And should the men of the settlements now leave their homes to meet him in the field, uncertain of his progress or of his course, their families, with no one to give notice of his approach or to aid them in flight, might fall a prey to worse than savage barbarity.

That Santa Anna in person would presume to leave Mexico, when so recently seated in power, and still having so many powerful elements of opposition against him at home, or that in the impoverished state of the country he could obtain sufficient resources to support a large force at home and bring

another across land into Texas, had been deemed incredible by many ; and not a few of the intelligent men in the United States, as well as in Texas, had partaken of this incredulity. To accomplish it, required, indeed, the power to extract from the country its resources for some years in anticipation.

But even if all the circumstances of Santa Anna's coming had been known, saving the time, which he could easily conceal, the Texans — separated as the countries were by hundreds of miles of almost untrodden wilds, and all intercourse prohibited by land or water — could not have had the resources to keep themselves constantly in the field, to await his approach. It was difficult, even while at home on their farms, to subsist the small force then in the field. They could only have concentrated this force, kept a sharp look-out, and rushed to the conflict when the enemy appeared. Had this been done, and had there been exerted such skill and intrepidity as were displayed in the last campaign, it is probable the historian of Texas might have been spared from recording events whose first recital was everywhere listened to with a chill of horror, which brought desolation and mourning into many families scattered over this whole continent, and which came near extinguishing forever the newly risen star of Texas.

It has been already remarked, that the invading army entered Texas in two divisions ; the right,

commanded by General Urea, was following the line of the coast, and advancing upon Goliad ; while the left, commanded by Santa Anna in person, was marching upon San Antonio by an exterior route. The van of the latter, consisting of more than a thousand men, arrived in the neighborhood of the town on the 23d of February. The Texan garrison, numbering but one hundred and fifty men, mostly volunteers from the United States who had arrived in Texas since the beginning of the war, was commanded by Colonel W. B. Travis.

The garrison, on discovering the approach of the enemy in so large a force, retired into the Alamo, carrying with them all the provisions they could collect, in order to be prepared for a siege. On the morning of the 23d of February, they received a summons from the Mexican commander, demanding a surrender of the fort, and threatening, in case of refusal, to put the garrison to the sword. This was answered by a shot ; and a cannonading now commenced on both sides, which was kept up, with perhaps a few intervals of repose, until the 6th of March. In the mean time, on the side of the Mexicans, newly arrived bodies of troops were continually coming in, until, on the 3d of March, an army of four thousand men, with Santa Anna at its head, invested the fort, defended by the little band of volunteers before mentioned, aided now by the services of some thirty Texan

citizens from Gonzales and its neighborhood, who had found their way into the fort since the enemy had invested it.

The measures adopted by Travis to apprise the authorities and people of Texas, and the commander at Goliad, of his situation, that they might hasten reinforcements to his relief, will best appear from the subjoined letters. These letters contain also interesting details of the progress of the siege, and serve to exhibit the mind and spirit of the man who defended his country like the Spartan Leonidas. They constitute the only legacy of a brave man ; and the patriot soldier who would form himself upon the noblest model, needs not look beyond the letters and the example of Travis.

*Proclamation and Letter of Travis to the People of  
Texas, and all Americans in the World.*

COMMANDANCY OF THE ALAMO,  
Bexar, Feb. 24th, 1836.

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND COMPATRIOTS : —

I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans, under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual bombardment and cannonade for twenty-four hours, and have not lost a man. The enemy have demanded a surrender at discretion ; otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon-shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the

walls. *I will never surrender or retreat.* Then I call on you in the name of liberty, patriotism, and every thing dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy are receiving reinforcements daily, and will, no doubt, increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and to die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his honor and to that of his country. *Victory or Death!*

W. BARRET TRAVIS,

*Lieut.-Col. Com.*

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONVENTION.

COMMANDANCY OF THE ALAMO,

Bexar, March 3d, 1836.

SIR, — In the present confusion of the political authorities of the country, and in the absence of a commander-in-chief, I beg leave to communicate to you the situation of this garrison. You have doubtless received my official report of the action on the 25th ult., made on that day to General Samuel Houston, together with the various communications heretofore sent by express; I shall therefore confine myself to what has transpired since that date. From the 25th of the last month, the enemy have kept up a bombardment from two howitzers, and a heavy cannonade from two long

nine-pounders, mounted on a battery, on the opposite side of the river, at the distance of four hundred yards west ; in Laviletta, three hundred yards south ; at the powder-house, one thousand yards east of south ; on the ditch, eight hundred yards northeast ; and at the old mill, eight hundred yards north. Notwithstanding all this, a company of thirty-two men from Gonzales made their way in to us on the morning of the 1st inst., at three o'clock ; and Colonel Bonham, a courier from Gonzales, got in this morning at eleven o'clock, without molestation.

I have so fortified this place that the walls are generally proof against cannon-balls, and I still continue to intrench on the inside, and to strengthen the walls by throwing up the earth. At least two hundred shells have fallen inside of our works without having injured a single man. Indeed, we have been so fortunate as not to lose a man from any cause, and we have killed many of the enemy. The spirits of my men are still high, although they have had much to depress them. We have contended for ten days against an enemy whose numbers are variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to six thousand men, with General Ramirez Siesma and Colonel Bartres, the aides-de-camp of Santa Anna, at their head. A report was circulated that Santa Anna himself was with the enemy ; but I think it false. A reinforcement of about one

thousand men is now entering Bexar from the west ; and I think it more than probable, from the rejoicing we hear, that Santa Anna is now in town.

Colonel Fannin is said to be on the march to this place, with reinforcements ; but I fear it is not true, as I have repeatedly sent to him for aid without receiving any. Colonel Bonham, my special messenger, arrived at La Bahia fourteen days ago, with a request for aid ; and on the arrival of the enemy in Bexar, ten days ago, I sent an express to Colonel Fannin, which arrived at Goliad next day, urging him to send us reinforcements. *None have yet arrived.* I look to the colonies alone for aid ; and unless it arrives soon, I shall have to fight the enemy on their own terms. I will, however, do the best I can under the circumstances ; and I feel convinced that the determined valor and desperate courage heretofore evinced by my men will not fail them in the last struggle ; and, although they may be sacrificed to the vengeance of a savage foe, the victory will cost the enemy so dear that it will be worse to them than a defeat. I hope your honorable body will hasten on reinforcements, ammunition, and provisions to our aid, as soon as possible. We have provisions for twenty days, for the men we have. Our supply of ammunition is limited ; and at least five hundred pounds of cannon-powder, two hundred rounds of six, nine, twelve, and eighteen pound cannon-balls, ten kegs of rifle-powder, and a supply of lead, should be sent to this place

without delay, and have a sufficient guard. If these things be promptly sent, and if large reinforcements be hastened to this frontier, this neighborhood will be the great and decisive battleground. The power of Santa Anna is to be met here or in the colonies. We had better meet it here, than to suffer a war of desolation to rage in our settlements. A blood-red banner waves from the church in Bexar, and in the camp above us, in token that the war is one of vengeance against rebels ; for they have declared us such, and demanded that we should surrender at discretion, or that this garrison should be put to the sword. Their threats have had no influence on me or my men, but to make all fight with desperation, and that high-souled courage which characterizes the patriot who is willing to die in defense of his country's liberty and his own honor.

The citizens of this municipality are all our enemies, except those who have joined us heretofore ; and we have but three Mexicans in the fort. Those who have not joined us in this extremity, should be declared public enemies, and their property should aid in paying the expenses of the war. The bearer of this will give your honorable body a statement more in detail, should he escape through the enemy's lines. *God and Texas, liberty or death !*

Your obedient servant,

W. BARRET TRAVIS,  
*Lieut.-Col. Com.*



No other communications from the lamented Travis or any of his associates ever reached the authorities or people of Texas. Many fancy sketches of the further progress of the siege, and the conduct of individuals that composed the garrison, have been published. The following is all that can be relied upon as authentic.\*

“From the beginning of the siege (February 23) to the 6th of March, the Mexicans had made frequent attempts to storm the fort, which were as often repulsed, generally with great loss on the side of the enemy. The garrison were occupied night and day, in fighting and watching the foe, and strengthening their works, which were large, and required at least five hundred men to man them well.

“On the night of the 5th of March they had been working until nearly exhausted, and they re-

\* This account our informant derived from a colored servant-boy of Colonel Travis, the only male survivor of the garrison. Moved to compassion by his age, or more probably by his complexion, the enemy had spared him; and he remains the only monument of Mexican mercy. This boy had been actively employed in waiting on the garrison during the last terrible conflict, and relates these few facts with great apparent simplicity and truth. The circumstances of the attack by the Mexicans came from a Mexican officer taken at the battle of San Jacinto, who had been actively engaged in storming the Alamo, and whose account of the closing scene also corroborates that of the colored boy.

tired to rest about two hours before day. That morning had been chosen by Santa Anna to make a more desperate assault than had hitherto been attempted ; and for that purpose he had drawn up his infantry around the fort, and posted his cavalry outside, with orders to shoot down every man that turned back ; and thus, about an hour before day, the Mexican chief drove his own forces to the attack. Most of the Texan sentinels, worn out with fatigue, had fallen asleep, and were killed at their posts. On the first alarm, the assailants were on and within the walls in great numbers. The garrison soon rallied, and attacked them with the energy of desperation. Twice the garrison cleared the yard and the walls.

‘They fought like brave men, long and well ;  
They piled that ground with foemen slain.’

“ But, overpowered by numbers and covered with wounds, they sank, one by one, with weariness, and loss of blood. Only one man was found alive when the Mexicans had gained full possession of the fort, and he was instantly shot by order of the Mexican chief.

“ The victory must be ascribed to the Mexicans, since there was no one left to dispute it. But the heroic Travis had redeemed his pledge. ‘ It cost them dearer than a defeat.’ More than a thousand

Mexicans had fallen by the weapons of the garrison since the commencement of the siege."

The other division of the Mexican army, which marched along the coast, and which was reported to be between three and four thousand strong, with a body of cavalry, marched toward Goliad, to attack Colonel Fannin. For an account of the events at Goliad, and of the tragic fate of Fannin and most of his associates, we avail ourselves of the following communication from Captain Benjamin H. Holland, who was a captain of artillery, in active service until the surrender. This account is corroborated by the statements of other survivors of the massacre. It has, too, the character of a semi-official report, as there was no officer of equal rank among the other survivors; and, as such, it was ordered for publication by the President of Texas.

"On or about the 12th of March, orders were issued by General Houston to destroy the town and fort of La Bahia, and for the troops to fall back on Gonzales, in order to unite with him, and thus concentrate all the Texan forces.

"Prior to the receipt of these orders, Captain King's company was ordered to the Mission, — a distance of about twenty-five miles, — to relieve some families that were in danger of falling into the enemy's hands. When this company arrived at the Mission, they were met and attacked by a large body of the enemy, and, after a gallant and

well-sustained fight, retreated in an orderly and judicious manner to the church, where they sustained themselves against a very superior number of Mexicans and Indians, with only small loss to themselves, but severe loss to the enemy, until relieved by the Georgia battalion, under Colonel Ward, who had been sent to their aid. The separation of our forces caused us to delay our retreat. An express was sent to Colonel Ward, at the Mission, to fall back and join the forces at Goliad with all possible dispatch; or, should he be cut off by the enemy, — of whose advance from San Patricio we had intelligence, — to make good his retreat through the Guadalupe bottoms, and join the main army at Victoria.

“On the 16th our scouts brought intelligence that a body of the enemy, fifteen hundred strong, were at the San Antonio road. Many of the cannons having been dismounted, preparatory to a retreat, we immediately remounted them, as we anticipated an attack that night. About twelve o'clock the picket-guard gave the alarm, and retreated into the fort. It proved to be, however, only the enemy's spies reconnoitring. On the 17th the enemy forded the San Antonio river, and showed themselves at the old Mission, a distance from our fort of four miles.

“This day we destroyed the whole town of La Bahia by fire, battering down all ruined walls, so

as to secure us a full sweep of the enemy, should they attack the fort.

*“March 18th.* — The enemy are still hovering round the old Mission. A council of war was called, when it was decided that, inasmuch as our provisions were short, and as we were well aware of the overwhelming force of the enemy, it was advisable to fall back to Victoria.

“This night we made every preparation for an early retreat in the morning ; and by daylight every one was in marching order. Before day a scouting party was dispatched to ascertain the position of the enemy. This party returned shortly after daylight, and reported that the lower road was clear. Colonel Horton was then ordered by Colonel Fannin to post all, — advance, rear, right, and left guard.

*“March 19th.* — At about half past six, this morning, we took the line of retreat toward the lower ford ; and about nine o'clock, A. M., we got our baggage and cannons across. We had several pieces of brass artillery ; consisting of one six-inch howitzer, three short sixes, two long and two short fours, with several small pieces for throwing musket-balls. We then commenced our retreat toward Victoria.

“We had advanced several miles without receiving from our videttes any intelligence of the enemy ; and, at about ten o'clock, A. M., we halted,

to graze our cattle and take some refreshment, on the outskirts of some timber which we had just passed. Here we tarried about three fourths of an hour, when we again took up the line of march. We had advanced, however, only about four miles into the prairie, when we received intelligence of the enemy's approach. Colonel Horton's cavalry, which had been ordered to the rear, had neglected to remain in that position ; and, in consequence of this neglect, the enemy had advanced within the distance of one or two miles, before they were discovered by the infantry in the rear ; and almost simultaneously they were discovered upon both flanks, having thus advanced evidently with the design of surrounding us. The enemy had now formed a semicircle on our right and left ; and, as we had no means of moving our artillery except by exhausted and worn-out men, they were fast surrounding us. Captains Hurst and Holland were ordered to the rear, to keep up a retreating fire, under the cover of which we advanced about a mile and a half in the face of the enemy. But it now became necessary for us to take a position ; for we were entirely surrounded, and our cavalry was cut off from us and had escaped. There were now left of us only two hundred and fifty effective men, consisting of the following companies :—

New Orleans Grays, — Captain Pellies.

Red Rovers, — Captain Shackleford, from Alabama.

Mustangs, — Captain Duval.

Mobile Grays, — Captain McManaman.

Regulars, — Captain Westover.

First Company of Artillery, — Captain Hurst.

Second “ “ Captain Holland.

Third “ “ Captain Schrunceki, a Polish engineer.

“We were about three hundred yards to the left of the road, in a valley, with an elevation toward the road, of about six feet in the whole distance. We were unfortunately obliged to take that very disadvantageous position, in consequence of having pursued our advance so far in order to gain the woods. We drew our wagons into a cluster, formed ourselves into an oblong circle around them, and posted our artillery in position to defend it; the circle being about forty-nine feet in its shortest central diameter, and about sixty feet in its longest. It was now about one o'clock in the afternoon, at which time we were attacked on nearly all sides by the enemy, with a brisk fire of musketry. In order to draw the enemy within rifle-shot, we were ordered not to fire until the word of command was given. We reserved our fire for about ten minutes; and several were wounded in our ranks before we fired. At the request of the officers, the artillery was permitted to open fire. The wind was blowing slightly from the north-east; and the smoke of our cannons covered the enemy, under which they made a desperate charge, but

were repulsed with a very severe loss ; our cannons being loaded with musket balls, and the howitzers with grist. In this manner the action was kept up with great fury by the enemy ; charge after charge being made by the cavalry and infantry, and always repelled with heavy loss on their part. Our men behaved nobly ; and, although surrounded by overwhelming numbers, not a change of countenance could be seen.

“Thus was the battle kept up ; and upon the repulse of each charge, column upon column of the enemy was seen to fall, like bees before smoke. Here were seen horses, without riders, flying in every direction ; and there, dismounted cavalry were making their escape on foot ; while the field was literally covered with dead bodies. It was a pitiable sight to see our small circle : it had become muddy with blood and dust ; and Colonel Fannin had been so badly wounded at the first or second fire as to be disabled, while the wounded were begging most piteously for water which we had not to give them. The fight continued until dusk, when the enemy retreated, leaving us masters of the field, with a comparatively small number killed and wounded, while the killed of the enemy lay around, heap upon heap. We possessed a great advantage over the Mexicans ; they having no artillery, and we having nine brass pieces, with which we kept up an incessant fire of musket-balls.



“It now became prudent to take measures as to our next procedure. The officers were accordingly all summoned to Colonel Fannin, where he lay wounded ; and the question was put whether we should maintain our present position, or retreat. It was carried that we should sustain ourselves as long as possible ; consequently, we commenced heaving up a redoubt, making it in height about three feet above the mean level of the prairie, exclusive of the dike.

“The night was now very dark and cloudy, drizzling with rain and misty fog. The enemy encompassed us, and kept up a continual sound to charge, so that we appeared to be surrounded by bugles. We had with us a thousand spare muskets, which we loaded, and each man took an equal share ; our cannon ammunition being nearly exhausted. Daylight broke upon us in this situation ; and some of our men went out about a hundred yards, and brought into camp two Mexican prisoners, both badly wounded. From them we ascertained that the number opposed to us was nineteen hundred men ; and that a reinforcement of two brigades of artillery would be there that morning, if they had not already arrived. We had no sooner received the intelligence, than this very artillery opened upon us. These brigades had placed themselves behind a small hillock, and were therefore entirely under cover. We could neither touch them

with our cannons, nor make a charge upon them ; for they had so placed their cavalry that the moment we should quit our artillery, they could cut us to pieces. We accordingly met in council, to devise means and measures ; and it was then decided that we should send a flag of truce to the enemy, to obtain a treaty if it could be obtained upon fair and honorable terms. Accordingly, Captain F. J. Desangue, the bearer of the express from General Houston, Captain B. H. Holland, of the artillery, and an ensign, were dispatched with a flag of truce. The flags of truce met midway between the two armies ; and it was decided that the two commanders should meet to adjust the matter. In accordance with this arrangement, Colonel Fannin was conveyed out, and met General Urea, Governor of Durango, commander of the Mexican forces ; and the following treaty was concluded upon and solemnly ratified, a copy of it in Spanish being retained by General Urea, and one in English by Colonel Fannin.

“ ‘ Seeing the Texan army entirely overpowered by a far superior force, and to avoid the effusion of blood, we surrender ourselves prisoners of war, under the following terms :—

“ ‘ ART. 1. That we shall be received and treated as prisoners of war, according to the usages of civilized nations.

“ ‘ ART. 2. That the officers shall be paroled

immediately on their arrival at La Bahia ; and the other prisoners shall be sent to Copano, within eight days, there to await shipping to the United States, so soon as it is practicable to obtain it ; no more to take up arms against Mexico, until exchanged.

“ ‘ART. 3. That all private property shall be respected, and officers’ swords shall be returned on parole or release.

“ ‘ART. 4. That our men shall receive every comfort, and be fed as well as their own men.

Signed by

GENERAL UREA,  
COLONEL MORATEAS,  
COLONEL HOBZINGER,

on the part of the enemy ; and, on our part, signed by

COLONEL FANNIN,  
MAJOR WALLACE.’

“The officers were then called upon to deliver up their side-arms, which were boxed up, with the name of the owner placed by a ticket upon each, and a label upon the box, stating that the Mexicans should soon have the honor of returning them ; and that it was their principle to meet us now as friends, not as enemies.

“Colonel Fannin and the men were that afternoon marched back to La Bahia ; and the wounded, together with the captain of each company, were

left on the field ; and also our surgeons, to dress the wounded, which was completed on the 21st, when we were all conveyed back to the fort, where we found the men in a most miserable state. They were brutally treated : they were allowed but very little water to drink, because it had to be brought from the river ; and but a very small piece of meat each day, without salt, bread, or vegetables.\*

“On the 23d, Major Miller and ninety men were brought as prisoners into the fort. They had just landed at Copano, from the United States, when they were captured.

“On the 25th, the Georgia battalion was also brought in. It had been surprised and captured between Victoria and Demill’s Point, and marched back ; and it was henceforth to be confined with us. Here we now were, nearly five hundred strong, guarded by a thousand Mexicans, without being allowed the slightest liberty in any respect.

“The Mexicans had always said that Santa Anna would be at La Bahia on the 27th, to release us. Accordingly, on that day we were all ordered to march out. We were now told that we were going to bring wood and water, and that Santa Anna would be there that day. We were next ordered to march, with all the officers placed at the

\* The great herds of cattle, roaming in many instances almost wild over the vast and luxuriant prairies of Texas, made meat the article of food that could be most easily obtained.

head of the file, except Colonel Fannin, who lay wounded in the hospital. As we marched out of the sally-port, we saw hollow squares formed ready to receive us. We were then ordered to file left, and to march into a hollow square of double-filed cavalry, who were on foot, armed with broadswords, and with carbines commonly called scopets.

“This square was filled, and closed ; and the head of the remaining files wheeled off into another square, and so on, until we were strongly guarded in squares. The company of which the writer of this was one, was ordered to march forward ; and no more was seen of our unfortunate comrades. We marched out on the Bexar road, near the burying-ground ; and, as we were ordered to halt, we heard our companions shrieking, in the most agonizing tones, ‘O God ! O God ! spare us !’ and nearly simultaneously was heard a rattling report of musketry ! It was then we knew what was to be our fate. I now observed to Major Wallace, who was my file leader, that it would be best to make a desperate rush. But he said, ‘No,’ — that we were too strongly guarded. I then appealed to several others ; but none would follow.

“I now sprung out, and struck the soldier on my right a severe blow with my fist. As the soldiers were at open files, the soldier at the other file attempted to shoot me ; yet, being too close, he was unable to do so. The soldier then turned

his gun, and struck me a severe blow upon the left hand. But I seized the gun, and wrenched it from his hand, and instantly started and ran toward the river. A platoon of men, as I have since been informed by two others who made their escape by falling, when fired upon, among the dead bodies of their comrades, wheeled and fired upon me, but all missed.

“I then had a chain of sentinels to pass, at a distance of about three hundred yards, who were about thirty yards apart, each from each. Three of them closed to intercept my retreat—the central one raised his gun to fire—I still ran towards him in a serpentine manner, to prevent him from taking aim—I lowered my piece, aimed and fired, and shot the sentinel through the head, who fell instantly dead. I ran over his dead body—the other two sentinels firing at me, but missing me—and immediately leaped into the river. While I was swimming across, I was shot at by three horsemen, but I reached the opposite bank in safety; and, after wandering in the wilderness six days without food, I succeeded on the 10th of April in joining General Houston’s army, after I had been retaken once, but had fortunately been able to make my escape in company with a wounded man who had got off from La Bahia by falling among the dead, as before stated. I am happy to say that six more succeeded in saving their lives and regaining their

liberty by the same stratagem. The number of the enemy, according to their own account, killed at the battle of Coteló, varied from nine hundred to eleven hundred !”

The only material events, connected with this part of the campaign, which are omitted in the foregoing narrative, relate to the movements of the Georgia battalion, under Colonel Ward ; which, it will be recollected, had been ordered to the relief of Captain King, at the Mission Refugio. We are told by Captain Holland only of their arrival to relieve King, and of their surrender, and return to Goliad, as prisoners. Some events intervened, which, in justice to Colonel Ward and his brave companions, whose lips are now sealed forever, ought not to be overlooked. These facts had probably not come to the knowledge of Captain Holland when he wrote his communication.

Colonel Ward, with about one hundred men of the Georgia battalion, arrived at the Mission on the 13th of March. A single discharge from their rifles served to drive off the enemy, who had invested King in his position, which was the ruins of a stone church. Having marched during the day twenty-five miles, and most of the way in wet prairie, with the water often ankle deep, they were too much fatigued to think of returning the same night. Orders were given to commence their return march at daybreak, the next morning ; and, after posting

sentinels, the men were permitted to sleep on their arms.

On mustering in the morning, a report of one of the sentinels excited suspicions that the enemy had returned into the neighborhood, accompanied by a much larger force ; and it was then thought most prudent to send out a reconnoitring party, to precede the march of the main body. Accordingly, Captain King, with his company, was sent forward. A discharge of musketry was soon afterwards heard in the direction which they had taken. Ward, with his men, pressed immediately forward to the relief of the advance ; but, at the distance of only a few hundred yards, they were met in front by a body of Mexicans of six or eight hundred men. At the same instant they discovered a body of cavalry moving at some distance in flank, in order to fall upon their rear, and cut off their retreat to the Mission. A moment's deliberation determined them to retreat again to the walls of the Mission house ; and, by reserving their fire, they kept the cavalry at a distance, and reached the walls without loss.

Preparations were immediately made to defend themselves against assault, as the large force of the enemy rendered it very certain that an assault would soon be attempted.

On three sides of the church there was nothing to cover the approach of the enemy ; but, in advancing to make an assault, they were exposed



## *STORMING OF THE ALAMO.*

to the deadly aim of the garrison the moment they came within rifle-shot. On the fourth side was the churchyard, of some fifty paces in length, walled in. From the end of this the ground sloped for some distance. This would cover the advance of the enemy until it became necessary to scale the wall ; and then there were some tombs within, that would still partially cover them in a nearer approach to the walls of the church. This point it was necessary to defend by a force posted in the churchyard.

Bullock's company, consisting of about thirty-five men, then without a commissioned officer present, but acting as a band of brothers, volunteered for this dangerous service. Ward himself, although looking well to his duty as commander of the battalion, was never long absent from his outpost ; indeed, he scarcely affected to assume the command, but ranked with the band, and none could be more expert with the rifle.

The order of defense was promptly adopted, and not less promptly executed. The force of the enemy, having been increased by the arrival of another reinforcement, now exceeded thirteen hundred, including the cavalry. At eight o'clock they were seen advancing briskly to the attack from all points at the same instant. Upon the enclosed sides of the building the enemy opened fire on reaching musket-shot distance. On the side of the

churchyard they were discovered marching slowly and silently in close column, intending to draw up unperceived, and spring upon their prey from this place, at the moment when we might be hard pressed by their companions, and wholly occupied by the attack from that quarter.

Ward had ordered his men not to hazard an ineffectual shot, but that every man should reserve his fire until sure of his aim ; and the order was obeyed to the letter. At the first discharge of rifles from the building, as many Mexicans fell. This produced some confusion in their ranks, and one or two parties retreated ; but others recovered, and made a rush toward the building. A second discharge from within, not less fatal than the first, cut down the foremost of these ranks, and put the survivors to flight. Meantime the contest had commenced on the side of the churchyard. The Mexican column had pressed forward as soon as the firing commenced on the other quarters ; and, at something less than one hundred yards, they received the fire of the little band, until then concealed behind the wall. Several of the front ranks fell, almost in a body, — as many, perhaps, by the panic as by the bullets. The remaining ranks fell back a few yards, but further retreat was stopped by a few of their brave officers. The column now deployed ; and detachments from the two wings advanced to attack the churchyard in flank, while the

centre once more moved forward to the attack in front.

Ward and his "little brothers"—as he now called them, for they were all mere striplings in appearance, mostly under the age of eighteen—stood undaunted, pouring quick and deadly volleys upon the front, regardless of the threatened attack upon their flank, which they left to the care of their companions within the church; and these, having now driven the first assailants beyond the reach of their rifles, were at full leisure to attend to the attack on that side; so that the flankers, now falling rapidly from the oblique fire, and unrestrained by the presence of any superior officer, fled like frightened deer, beyond the reach of danger. The contest was more obstinate in front, where several officers made a desperate effort to lead their men to the charge. Many of their comrades had fallen within a few yards of the wall, but every attempt to reach it proved ineffectual; so that these rallied men, finding that they were maintaining the contest alone, while their companions had retreated out of danger, turned back with the rest.

The Texans, having resisted this attack so gallantly and successfully, and with such terrible effect against the enemy, flattered themselves that they should remain unmolested during the remainder of the day. But in this they were mistaken.

The pride of the Mexican officers, many of whom had been long in service, was exceedingly wounded by the result of the attempted assault, which, in view of the great inequality of numbers, was felt to be a disgrace to the Mexican arms. The loss of the Mexicans, in the first attack, was little less than three hundred in killed and wounded ; yet this repulse was followed up, in a few hours, by a second attempt, and, in the course of the day, by a third attempt, to dislodge the hundred Volunteers from their crazy walls, but at each time with far less vigor than the first, and with as little success, but with much less loss in their ranks.

Night now coming on, the Mexicans, after posting sentinels round the Mission, to prevent the escape of the besieged, retired to their camp, distant only five or six hundred yards. The Texans, finding their ammunition nearly exhausted, which, with all their care in husbanding it, could not have held out through the last assault, had it been as vigorous as the first, determined to retreat during the night. This they effected unnoticed, or at least unmolested, by the enemy. Not a man of the hundred Volunteers had been killed in these repeated assaults, three\* only having been severely

\* These men were left in the church, their companions being unprovided with the means of taking them along. "We parted with tears and sobs," says our informant, who was one of the band, and who wept and sobbed again, before he had

wounded ; and these three were the most daring of the little band of brothers who had so gallantly defended the outpost during the long day's strife. The acknowledged Mexican loss was four hundred men, killed and wounded.

Santa Anna, in his wretched apology for his cold-blooded butchery of prisoners in violation of the express terms of their capitulation, introduces, among other things, this terrible slaughter of his men at Mission Refugio. An apology, indeed ! One hundred Texans, attacked by a thousand Mexicans, defended themselves with a gallantry unsurpassed in the records of heroic deeds which man-

finished the tale. " When night came on, and the enemy had retired, we began to feel that hunger and thirst which a long day's work, without food or drink, could not fail to create. We had provided ourselves with a tierce of water in the morning from a spring some four hundred yards distant, but this water had been tapped and nearly all drawn off by the Mexican bullets, on the first assault. The poor wounded boys now begged, as a last favor of their companions, to fill their gourds with water before leaving them. The Mexicans had posted a strong guard at the spring ; but the appeal of our stricken brothers was not to be resisted, and a number of us therefore marched in a body, determined to reach the spring or to perish in the attempt. After exchanging a volley the Mexicans left us in possession of the spring. Each of us then filled his gourd, and returned unhurt to our companions. Four of the Mexican guard had fallen at the spring. We also brought the blankets of the foes we had slain ; and in these we wrapped our dying comrades, and bid them farewell forever ! "

kind have preserved with the greatest care ; and this is to excuse the butchery of unarmed prisoners ! The apology is precious only as it is an unwilling tribute to the memory of brave men, from the hand of their assassin.

Having been spared the painful detail of the horrid massacre at Goliad, by transferring to our pages an account drawn up by one who had a fearful interest in the scene, we forbear further comments. The deed is sufficiently characterized by a simple record of the facts. Before dismissing the subject, however, we will introduce one other witness to speak for us, who also bore a part in the tragic scene, though very different from the last. He was an instrument of the assassin — and, as it would appear from his language, an unwilling instrument — in consummating the atrocious deed. We extract the following from a letter written by a Mexican officer, after the massacre.

“ This day, Palm Sunday, March 27th, 1836, has been to me a day of most heartfelt sorrow. At six in the morning, the execution of four hundred and twelve American prisoners was commenced, and continued till eight, when the last of the number was shot. At eleven commenced the operation of burning their bodies. But what an awful scene did the field present, when the prisoners were executed, and fell dead in heaps ! And what spectator could view it without horror ! They

were all young, the oldest not more than thirty, and of fine florid complexions. When the unfortunate youths were brought to the place of death, their lamentations, and the appeals which they uttered to Heaven, in their own language, with extended arms, kneeling or prostrate on the earth, were such as might have caused the very stones to cry out in compassion."

Having brought to its closing scene the bloody drama which was acted on the western frontier at the beginning of the campaign, we turn back a few days to the time in which notice of the arrival of the invading army at San Antonio first reached Washington.\* This was on the morning of the second day of March ; and previous to this, no certain intelligence that a Mexican had crossed the Rio Grande, with hostile intentions, had reached that place. With Santa Anna it was probably a part of the plan of the campaign to *surprise* the Texans ; and in this he had fully succeeded. The news that San Antonio was already besieged by two thousand Mexicans, came accompanied by all the circumstances of the advance of the invading army in two divisions. Among other things it was alleged that Santa Anna himself was either at San Antonio or on his way thither, to direct in person the military operations of the campaign. There was nothing kept back. All the astounding facts

\* A town of Texas, and then the capital.

came at once, with many exaggerations, rendering them still more dreadful and appalling. It was reported that both divisions of the invading army could not be less than fifteen thousand men; that the garrison at San Antonio had already been overcome, and put to the sword; and that the enemy were on the march for the Colorado.

It will be recollected that the Texan Convention, invested with full powers to declare independence and form a constitution, was then in session at Washington; and it was at this dark hour, in face of the impending storm which threatened to lay their country in utter desolation, that the delegates of the people of Texas adopted a declaration of independence, and put their names to the instrument.

General Houston, the commander-in-chief of the Texan army, was also at Washington, on the receipt of the foregoing intelligence. From the day of his appointment, he had made unsparing efforts to furnish the means of equipping and subsisting a small army upon the frontier; and for this purpose every available resource of the country had been put into requisition. But these resources were few indeed; and his progress had been slow and discouraging.

The savages upon the frontier, probably excited by the emissaries of Santa Anna, had assumed a hostile attitude during the winter; and the com-



mander-in-chief found it necessary to engage personally, in various measures of menace and pacification, to relieve the frontier citizens from danger in that quarter, in order that they might be ready to take the field against the Mexicans when occasion should demand it.

To embody the citizens, and march with them to the western frontier, when the whole resources of the country were scarcely sufficient for the transportation of a supply of provisions necessary for their subsistence for a single month, was not to be thought of. There was no feasible course but to await the event, and to call them out on the first alarm. That alarm, with the call for troops, had now come; but the call had come a distance of nearly two hundred miles, crossing rivers, and traversing a country without roads or bridges, and over the deep soil of Texas in the rainy month of March. Its progress had therefore been unavoidably slow; and so, in spite of all human effort, must likewise be the response.

The commander-in-chief having appointed Gonzales as a place of general rendezvous, immediately dispatched couriers to all the principal settlements, with the following order:—

#### ARMY ORDER.

CONVENTION HALL, WASHINGTON, March 2, 1836.

War is raging on the frontiers. Bexar is besieged by two thousand of the enemy, under the

command of General Siesma. Reinforcements are on their march to unite with the besieging army. By the last report, our force in Bexar was only one hundred and fifty men. The citizens of Texas must rally to the aid of our army, or it will perish. Let the citizens of the East march to the combat. The enemy must be driven from our soil, or desolation will accompany their march upon us. INDEPENDENCE IS DECLARED : it must be maintained. Immediate action, united with valor, alone can achieve the great work. The services of all are forthwith required in the field.

SAM. HOUSTON,

*Commander-in-Chief of the Army.*

P. S. — It is rumored that the enemy are on their march to Gonzales, and that they have entered the colonies. The fate of Bexar [San Antonio] is unknown. The country must and shall be defended. The patriots of Texas are appealed to in behalf of their bleeding country. S. H.

After sending out this brief but stirring appeal, General Houston proceeded to muster all the forces that could be collected in the neighboring settlements, and commenced a forced march for Gonzales, his place of rendezvous.

In the mean time, the same alarming intelligence that reached Washington on the morning of the 2d, had previously spread through most of the settlements west of the Brazos. That a panic to some

extent was the consequence, we have before intimated. Indeed, in view of all the circumstances, the absence of it might be deemed incredible. Men who might have acted bravely where personal safety alone was concerned, became cowards in contemplating the indefinable dangers to which their families might be exposed in their absence. Many therefore proceeded to remove their families before the enemy, in stead of manfully facing the enemy, and driving them back from their families. There are men, however, who can not be reached by a panic; and in no other country is the proportion greater than in Texas. Men of this class hastened from all quarters to the frontier; and, on the 7th of March, when General Houston reached Gonzales, he found himself at the head of about five hundred men. On the 8th, a Mexican brought in a report of the fall of the Alamo, and the fate of the garrison.

A company, consisting of most of the men able to bear arms in and about Gonzales, had but a few days before marched to the relief of the garrison. They had bravely broken through the lines of the besieging army, and reached the fort in safety, but only to become early victims to numbers too overwhelming to be resisted. Tidings of their fate now first reached their relations. "No human pen," says our correspondent, one of the aids of General Houston, "can describe the scenes

which these sad tidings produced in the little town of Gonzales. Not less than twenty women, with young and helpless children, were made widows. Fathers had lost sons, brother had lost brother. In short, there was not a family in the once happy and flourishing settlement of Gonzales, that did not mourn the death of some murdered relative. The soldiers, too, partook of the general afflictions of the citizens, for they too had lost many a brother, — many a hero fit to have stood by the side of Cæsar. For several hours after the receipt of the intelligence, not a sound was heard save the wild shrieks of the women, and the heart-rending screams of the fatherless children. Little groups of men might be seen in various corners of the town, brooding over the past and speculating upon the future, but they scarcely spoke above a whisper ; for here the public and the private grief were alike heavy, and sunk deep into the heart of the rudest soldier.”

It was suggested that the report brought by the Mexican might be an invention of the enemy, although there were too many corroborating circumstances to leave a serious doubt of the awful truth. It was deemed expedient that not only the fate of the Alamo should be known beyond a doubt, but that the position and strength of the enemy should, if possible, be ascertained. Accordingly, the next day, Deaf Smith — the Harvey

Birch of the Texan Revolution — and two others, of whom our correspondent was one, volunteered, at the call of the General, to proceed upon this hazardous service. Having advanced about twenty miles on the route to San Antonio, they discovered, at a long distance on the prairie in front, three persons approaching on horseback. Supposing that these persons might be a Mexican scouting party, they pressed rapidly forward; but, on coming nearer, they discovered a *bonnet*. The party proved to be the unfortunate Mrs. Dickenson, with an infant in her arms, accompanied by Ben, a servant of Almonte, and the boy Sam, the faithful and devoted servant of Colonel Travis. Mrs. Dickenson and the others, after recovering from the fright occasioned by the unceremonious charge of the advancing party, confirmed the report of the Mexican, in regard to the fall of the Alamo, and the fate of the garrison. The party brought also a sort of bragging proclamation from General Siesma, whom they had left that morning on the advance to Gonzales, at the head of a force which they estimated variously from three thousand to ten thousand men. The party then returned with the intelligence thus obtained to the camp at Gonzales. On the receipt of which it was decided by General Houston, in accordance with the general sentiment of his officers, to burn the town of Gonzales, and fall back upon the Colorado, with the

expectation of receiving reinforcements, and increasing the strength of his little army. The afflicted inhabitants of the settlement of course accompanied the army in its retreat, and availed themselves of its aid in taking along their few valuable movables.

As we stated in the first Note, this invading army, under Santa Anna, was afterwards totally routed by General Houston, near the San Jacinto. Santa Anna himself was taken prisoner; and Texas was thus wrenched off from the cankered or politically scrofulous republic of Mexico, and subsequently annexed to the United States. Perhaps it is not improper to add, that the sooner the people of Mexico can annex the entire remnant of their beautiful country to the United States, the better it will be for them. Our powerful civilization would soon inundate, and drown out, the indolence, superstition, and ignorance which blight their national life; and the strong arm of our law, backed by our irresistible military force, would soon overawe, quiet down, and utterly subdue the guerilla and insurrectionary elements, into peace, order, and security.





## TYPES OF LIFE.

### I.

**A**ND Life, — O, what is Life,  
So full of care and strife,  
And anxious bustlings all around  
this earth ;  
So full of smiles and tears,  
So full of hopes and fears,  
So full of change and trial from its birth ?

### II.

A brief, fantastic dream ;  
A ne'er-returning stream ;  
A feast that charms at first, but satiates soon ;

A varying year or day ;  
A weary, perilous way ;  
A radiant dew that vanishes ere noon.

## III.

A flower that quickly fades ;  
A light that darkness shades ;  
A star within a firmament of night ;  
A morn divinely fair,  
Soon lost in murky air ;  
A crop that in its glory meets the blight.

## IV.

An oak by thunder riven ;  
A ship o'er billows driven,  
Or wrecked by false lights on a treacherous  
sea ;  
A bubble on a wave ;  
A blossom on a grave ;  
A spark engulfed in dark immensity.



v.

A shell of love and bloom  
 Around a globe of tomb,  
 And evanescent as the dial's shade ;  
 A maze ne'er understood,  
 Until too late, and rued ;  
 A drama 'twixt a tear and groan displayed.\*

vi.

A vine that fondly clings  
 To all terrestrial things,  
 And ever bears false flowers with the true ;  
 An arrow quickly sped ;  
 A melody soon fled ;  
 A world of leaves whose year has soon run  
 through.

\* " Man comes into the world with a tear, and goes out of it with a groan ! " — *Funeral Sermon of Jeremy Taylor.*

## VII.

A tree with blossoms crowned,  
That soon fall to the ground,  
And fall and fall from bloom to ripened fruit ;  
Till more and more bereft,  
At last but little 's left  
To crown the hopes that bloomed on every  
shoot.

## VIII.

A thread soon burnt in twain,  
Or snapped with little strain ;  
A cloth whose shining nap is soon worn off ;  
A texture woven light,  
With threads of black and white ;  
A patchless garment that we soon must doff.

## IX.

A mingling light and shade  
By fluttering aspen made,  
When wrung by winds and smiled on by the  
sun ; —

Joy, sorrow, ease, and care,  
 Woe, rapture, hope, despair,  
 That, like touched notes, in quick succession  
 run.

x.

A various-tolling bell, —  
 Now joyous, now a knell ;  
 An echo faintly heard and quickly gone ;  
 A glow-worm's flickering light ;  
 A Borealis bright ;  
 A rainbow that recedes while luring on.

xi

A breeze that comes and goes  
 Whence, whither, no one knows ;  
 A radiant sunbeam in the earth absorbed ;  
 A meteor in the sky ;  
 A cloud that swims on high ;  
 A moon that wanes the moment 't is full-  
 orbed.

## XII.

A green and blooming spray  
Torn from its stock away,  
To turn in dust or flood to dissolution ;  
A loved and sunlit flower,  
Or leaf in rustling bower,  
That falls to moulder in forgot seclusion.

## XIII.

A bright but brittle glass ;  
A frail array of grass,  
That withering falls before the mower's scythe ;  
A fuel to maintain  
Eternal fires and pain ;  
A deathless worm that must forever writhe.

## XIV.

A ripened Paradise  
Sown broadcast from the skies,  
Upon a globe with bliss thus speckled o'er ;

An antechamber where  
The good awhile repair,  
Then seek the palace through a sable door.

## xv.

A crop whose seeds are sown  
On loam, in brush, on stone,  
And as they fall so differently they speed ;  
A field that never bears  
Its wheat without the tares ;  
A garden where the flower strives with weed.

## xvi.

A cold, capricious soil  
That needs incessant toil,  
And best receives in early spring its seeds ;  
Where oft our first neglect  
We vainly would correct,  
That ends a stubborn waste of thorns and  
weeds.

## XVII.

A fountain in whose rise  
A pois'nous serpent \* lies,  
That taints the silvery streamlet to its end ;  
A brook oft clogged awhile,  
Or turbid from the soil,  
Though sunbeams kiss it, flowers o'er it bend.

## XVIII.

The pageant of a day ;  
An insect summer gay ;  
A torch soon quenched that can not be relit ;  
A self-consuming light ;  
A treacherous cup, though bright ;  
A nice machine, which spoiled, none can refit.

## XIX.

A harp of thousand strings,  
Which thousand trivial things

\* Original sin.

Can easily derange, untune, or mar ;  
     A thunder in a cloud,  
     That shoots out bright and loud,  
 And leads a storm of ruin wide and far.

xx.

    A blood-won laurel bough,  
     To grace another's brow ;  
 A bridge foundation sunk for others' tread,  
     That over flood and slime  
     They easily may climb,  
 And reach the wished-for land that lies ahead.

xxi.

    A stream that swallows all  
     The smaller streams that fall  
 Within its valley, and then swells with pride, --  
     As being itself the host  
     Of those it has engrossed, --  
 Till lost itself within the ocean's tide.

## XXII.

An ocean full of fish,  
Where one's the other's dish,  
Provided skill and strength can win the prize ;  
An airy deep all vain,  
Where myriad birds with pain  
And strenuous wing seek highest each to  
rise.

## XXIII.

A coral world and race,  
Empired in ocean Space,  
Whose tiny generations come and go ;  
Yet ever leave behind  
Their labors to their kind,  
And mystic haunts of pleasure, strife, and woe.

## XXIV.

A vast, laborious hive,  
Where they who most should thrive  
Must keep in splendid style the drones above ;



Where charity and right  
Are oft forgotten quite,  
And self and scorn usurp the place of love.

XXV.

A rank and splendor built  
On slavery or on guilt, —  
A grandeur loved the least when nearest seen ;  
A joy and state o'erwrought  
By leaving others naught, —  
Luxuriance that on death exceeds the mean.\*

XXVI.

A monster overgrown  
Who strives to make his own  
All he can get by every cunning scheme ;  
Who sees and can enjoy  
The world through but one eye, —  
A man-devouring, one-eyed Polypheme.†

\* Reference to the greater rankness of vegetation when manured by something dead below.

† Think of the millionaire.

## XXVII.

A peacock vastly vain,  
That, having in his train  
The gawdy glories of this petty earth,  
Parades them with full scorn  
To all less lucky born,  
And struts immensely in ephemeral worth.

## XXVIII.

A traveller like the hack  
Whose heavy-laden back  
Must bear its burden till relieved by death ;  
Who leaves the world below,  
And dies in mountain snow,  
To catch a dying note of flattering breath.

## XXIX.

A steed that on must dash  
Beneath the spur and lash,  
Or sweat in galling harness till old age ;

A drudge on tread-wheel bound,  
 And dwarfed by round and round ;  
 A bird that looks at freedom from a cage.

xxx.

A sprout beneath a clod ;  
 An ever-trodden sod ;  
 A fertile field, yet desolate and nude ;  
 A sweet that yields at last  
 A sickening after-taste ;  
 A joyous strength lost in decrepitude.

xxxI.

A plant whose every flower,  
 Whate'er its pleasing power,  
 Leads us at length down to a bitter root ;  
 A tree that will not bear,  
 Save past long years of care,  
 And from laborious toil, its noblest fruit.

## XXXII.

A viper 'neath a flower ;  
 A laurel fresh an hour ;  
 A child's frail play-work by a breath up-  
     tripped ; \*  
 A worm that spins itself,  
 To die in silken pelf ;  
 A prison palace, or an eagle clipped. †

## XXXIII.

An ancient mountain height ‡  
 That charms from far the sight,  
 Whose trees grow out mere scrubs from every  
     part ;  
 A wood where one oft sees §  
 The greatest, noblest trees  
 Take from the lowest vale their cheerless start.

\* The empires of ambition.

† Man's soul on earth — "cribbed, cabined, and confined."  
 — *Byron*.

‡ Aristocracy.

§ The lower classes.

XXXIV.

Mind lit in Heaven's own ray,  
Which pride, or want, or sway,  
Oft undervalues, spurns, or seeks to hide ;  
A gem 'midst rubbish tossed,  
Unseen, unprized, and lost,  
Till set in Glory's heaven to abide.

XXXV.

A specious lottery bank,  
With many and many a blank,  
That in ten thousand scarce one prize unfurl ;  
An India oyster-bed,  
Deep from the diver hid,  
And scarce one shell in thousand holds a  
pearl.\*

XXXVI.

A race for wealth or fame,  
Where most find loss or shame ;

\* Applicable to genius or fortune.

A landscape that bewitches far before ;  
    An oak by stream made vast,  
    Yet underwashed at last,  
And, fallen once, can root and rise no more.\*

## XXXVII.

A game in which few win,  
    Though myriads enter in,  
With skill, fair prospects, and the hope to  
    beat ;  
And they who win at last,  
    Find, when the excitement's past,  
The struggle real, but the prize a cheat.

## XXXVIII.

A hard and empty nut ;  
A wheel within a rut ;  
A farce repeated for six thousand years,

\* Think of the politician.

For which the great have wrought,  
 For which the brave have fought,  
 Yet little better grows it as it wears.

XXXIX.

A marsh whose soil and slime  
 Naught but a rigorous clime  
 Can keep untainted from corruption's breath ;  
 Which soon, with genial suns,  
 To foul luxuriance runs,  
 And breeds miasma, serpents, stench, and death.

XL.

A fiendish brood of hell,  
 Girt in by Law's dread spell ;  
 A dark menagerie filled with monsters foul ;  
 Though genial while restrained,  
 Woe, woe, betide the land  
 Where War shall draw the bolt and let them  
 prowl.\*

\* Think of guerillas, and of cruelty to prisoners.

## XLI.

Good saints and angels sent  
From their blest firmament,  
To guide a wandering planet back to Heaven ;  
A germ of good that springs  
From out all evil things ;  
Sweet violets blowing where the storm has  
driven.

## XLII.

A fountain crusted o'er  
With error more and more,  
Till force the streamlet's outlet must renew ;  
A slowly-gathering storm  
Whose foul and lowering form  
In thunder bursts, to let the bright sun through.

## XLIII.

A being spiritual  
Within an organ shell  
That binds it to this good and evil earth,



From which its growth it draws  
By good or evil laws,  
Till comes an angel or a devil forth.

## XLIV.

A bee \* in sweetness drowned ;  
A snow that soon is found  
Stained with the various filth it meets below ;  
A diamond whose pure grain  
Earth can not smirch or stain, —  
A star † that lights with pure, eternal glow.

## XLV.

A sin-worm at the core,  
That gnaws forevermore,  
Laid by hot Passion in the youthful heart ;  
A poor Prometheus bound  
To rocks, with vultures round ;  
A funeral raven that will not depart.

\* The man who can not resist temptation.

† A pure and noble life, such as Washington's.

## XLVI.

A heart-pierced, trembling deer,  
Upon whose wound severe  
There is at last the balm of Gilead poured ;  
A bruised and broken reed,  
That, in its utmost need,  
By grace from Heaven is again restored.

## XLVII.

A work of cunning art,  
That ever in some part  
Is left defective by the Maker's will ;  
And most retain their own  
With discontent and moan,  
For every good is balanced by some ill.

## XLVIII.

A feast for myriad guests  
So various in their tastes  
That each deems loathsome every other's fare ;

A myriad burdens borne  
By myriads in their turn,  
Where each deems lighter what the others bear.

XLIX.

A sweet yet thorny rose,  
No matter where it grows, —  
In cottage, palace, Iceland, or Ceylon ;  
The same mixed melody  
Of care, and woe, and glee,  
Set in all hearts, beneath whatever sun.

L.

A tree and clasping vine  
That fondly intertwine,  
And rise and thrive in mutual strength and  
state ;  
Two oxen yoked unmeet,  
That tread each other's feet,  
Because they lean out from a mutual hate.

## LI.

A kindling, glorious prize  
For which the young heart sighs,  
And Hopes, like seraphs, round the chariot wait ;  
A failure — and remorse  
Than non-existence worse,  
For demons haunt where angels flew of late.\*

## LII.

An eagle free to range  
The wide world for a change,  
A bird whose song needs please no one beside ;  
A flower to bloom alone,  
Ungathered and unknown,  
Some Scripture lily in its worth and pride.

## LIII.

A heart-group of rich buds  
That die in dreary woods,

\* Disappointed love. Allusion to Aurora and the Hours.

Because no genial sun unfolds their bloom ;  
A house to ruin led  
Because untenanted ;  
A branchless trunk lost in the forest's gloom.

LIV.

A fruit that fairest shows  
While hid within it grows  
The canker that shall eat the heart away ;  
A water-lily which,  
Though set in slime or ditch,  
Draws heavenly beauty from the foulest clay.\*

LV.

Sweet flowerets of one stem  
That fondly nurtures them  
In sun and dew, till scattering winds dash  
o'er ;

\* Think of the family in Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night."

A crystal streamlet's pride  
Lost in some turbid tide ;  
A nest's dear brood that part to meet no more !

## LVI.

A frail and gilded toy  
That charms the girl or boy,  
But soon its song and gilding wear away ;  
A summer voyage bright,  
Near banks that breathe delight,  
But storm and rapids soon hide pleasure's ray.\*

## LVII.

A child 'midst fairy dreams,  
Within a boat that seems  
Unconscious on some dread Niagara borne,  
Which sweeps him to the brink  
Ere he can wake and think,  
Then hurls him over — never to return !

\* Think of Colt's "Voyage of Life."

LVIII.

A shepherd in the night  
 Who seeks his Master's sight,  
 Led by the glorious star of Bethlehem ;  
 Dark billows to sail o'er,  
 Upon whose farther shore  
 Resplendent shines the New Jerusalem.

LIX.

A helpless chrysalis  
 Shut in from light and bliss,  
 Yet soon to seek the sky on joyous wing ;  
 A worm that lives and thrives  
 Through many deaths and lives,  
 In slow gradations to a perfect thing.\*

LX.

A precious bud whose bloom  
 Unfolds beyond the tomb,  
 In amaranthine hue and scent divine ;

\* Swedenborgian.

A night whose vapor mars  
Its firmament of stars,  
But whose rich morn in Heaven shall break  
and shine.

## LXI.

A music of the spheres  
That fills all space and years,  
Where discords oft in minor notes befall ;  
A drama deeply planned,  
An oratorio grand,  
Played for the pleasure of the Lord of all.

## LXII.

A mystic pyramid  
With base in chaos hid,  
That narrows and ascends at each degree ;  
Whose summit, towering high,  
Pierces the ethereal sky,  
Till crowned with Godhead and eternity.



LXIII.

Again a world of sea  
 In its deep mystery,  
 Where but the varying surface can be seen ;  
 And God's whole wondrous plan  
 Can ne'er be reached by man,  
 Though all his boasted science intervene.

LXIV.

An ocean dusk and nude,  
 Laid out in solitude,\*  
 And girt by vast Duration's mystic shore ;  
 Whose billows† out are rolled,  
 Successive and controlled,  
 To that dread coast, there break — and are no  
 more !



Then why through each day bear  
 A load of fretting care,

\* The solitude of immensity.

† The generations of men.

The pangs of memory and the doubts of hope ?

Why make in storm or cold

Life's fragile flower unfold,

Nor in sweet sunshine let it spread and ope ?

Why treat our fellow-man

With hardship where we can,

And rob or spill his little cup of bliss ?

Why not, since other foes

Gird life's brief span with woes,

Live 'mongst ourselves in charity and peace ?

And why forever strive,

And even sin to thrive,

Or look upon this earth with so much lust ;

Since all that here is won

Shall be again undone,

While Soul and Conscience live beyond the  
dust ?



## LILY OF THE VALLEY.

**M**EEK, saintly sister of the flower  
That's born of April blue,  
A sweeter perfume is thy dower,  
Though paler be thy hue.

If lover can not tell his love  
Her eye of blue's like thine,  
Thy innocence can lend his theme  
A symbol more divine.

No ray of the infracted light  
To tinge thy leaf is given ;  
To tell the pure are robed in white,  
Thou wear'st the dress of Heaven.

When Paradise first greeted Eve,  
All bridal-white were flowers ;  
As forth she walked they caught from her  
Their tinting in her bowers.

Red from her lips, blue from her eyes,  
Gold from her golden hair, —  
All loyal to the loveliness  
Which filled that Eden air.

Thee, lovely one, her effluence gave  
A lineage like the rest ;  
Reclining on the bank, thy leaves  
Her snowy bosom pressed.





## THE BLUE-BIRDS.



WHEN spring the fields in daisies  
dressed,  
And flushed the woods with ma-  
ple-buds,  
I spied a little blue-bird's nest  
Within a cedar's branchy studs.

The nest of leaves, inlaid with hair,  
The summer's sun had withered up ;  
And autumn's acorns still were there,  
For snow had brimmed the tiny cup.

What then ? I heard a pilgrim hymn,  
And half forgave the long neglect ;  
When perched upon the threshold rim  
A little feathered architect.

And straw by straw the walls he wrought,  
And hair by hair the floor he spread,  
And then his blue-bird wife he brought,  
And both slept in that nuptial bed.

O, how I loved my pranksome guest !  
For him I loved his helpmate too ;  
With jealous care I fenced their nest,  
And watched them as they sang or flew.

So April passed ; and gentle May  
Went murmuring by with leaves and bees ;  
And two small blue-winged chicks had they,  
When summer brightened on the trees.

My very solitude had made  
That tiny household seem more sweet ;  
And often to the bank I strayed  
To hear the nestlings chirp and eat.

But when the palsied autumn came,  
And shook the boughs, and bared the wood,  
I scarce the feathered brood could blame  
That void their puny wigwam stood.

For summer friends had come like these ;  
Like these the summer friends had flown,  
When stormy winter stripped the trees,  
And left the cold and me alone.





## GALVESTON.

"This world is passing-glorious ; fit to be  
The palace-home of Immortality." — CHAPMAN.

**F**AR away in the South is a beautiful  
isle,

That gleams like a gem in the wide-  
spreading ocean ;

For flowers and verdure forever there smile,  
And the leaves ever play with a glistening  
motion.

So bright is the sun, so blue-tinted the sky,  
And so various and brilliant the clouds in  
their cruising,

That the whole seems a purified world to the eye,  
Made for purified mortals and heavenly  
musing.



The ocean far round ever shimmers and rolls  
In white-crested waves or in soft undulation ;  
Or stretched in calm sleep o'er abysses and shoals,  
Gleams afar with its rosy and gold radiation.

And a thousand white ships, when the light breezes sport,  
Glide around, in, and out, with the world's treasures freighted ;  
While some by the far sky seem lying in port,  
As if for a freight of bright angels they waited.

Myriad sea-fowls on high in their wild music scream,  
Rise, dive, dodge, and circle, with motions unending ;

While their long and lithe pinions oft lily-white  
gleam

In the pure and deep azure which o'er them  
is bending.

When Aurora's first beams glow on billow and  
isle,

The fisherman's song with the surf music  
mingles ;

And the jolly, brusque tars sing in bands after  
toil,

While the moonlight divine on the bay gleams  
and twinkles.

The Ocean his treasures brings ever in there,

To the lap of the isle which he loves and  
caresses ;

And the orange and fig ever blossom and bear,

For no winter e'er comes, and no summer  
oppresses.

There maidens grow fairer than ever were seen  
On the islands of Greece or in bowers of  
Judæa ;  
There life longer blooms undiseased and serene,  
And the Muse's thoughts spring flush as  
flowers of Eubœa.\*

In my boyhood's sweet prime, when my heart,  
like a lute,  
To the beauties of nature in music responded,  
On the beach of that isle often blissfully mute  
I revelled in thought o'er the scenes that surrounded.

\* Eubœa, or Negropont, is the largest and probably the most beautiful of the Grecian isles. Through its whole length runs a mountain range, from which, on each side, beautiful vales and dells slope off to the sea. These are noted for the luxuriant greenness of their foliage, and the vivid beauty of their flowers and flowering shrubs.

And oft when all lonely I muse o'er the past,  
And repress fond regrets with a fruitless endeavor,  
I think on that isle, with the maid I love best,  
I could live, love, and toil, and be happy  
forever.





## SWANNANOA.

**S**WANNANOA, nymph of beauty,  
I would woo thee in my rhyme ;  
Wildest, brightest, loveliest river  
Of our sunny Southern clime.

Swannanoa,\* well they named thee,  
In the mellow Indian tongue ; —  
*Beautiful* thou art most truly,  
And right worthy to be sung.

I have stood by many a river,  
Known to story and to song ;  
Hudson, Shawnee,† Susquehanna,  
Fame to which may well belong.

\* *Swannanoa* is a Cherokee word, and means *beautiful*.

† *Shawnee*, anglicized *Shawnee* ; the Indian name of the Cumberland River.

I have gazed o'er the Ohio,  
Tro'd Scioto's fertile banks,  
Followed far the Juniata,  
In the wildest of her pranks,

But thou reignest queen forever,  
Child of Appalachian hills ;  
Winning tribute as thou flowest  
From a thousand mountain rills.  
Thine is beauty, strength, begotten  
'Mid the cloud-begirded peaks,  
Where the Patriarch \* of the mountains  
Heavenward for thy water seeks.

Through the laurels and the beeches  
Bright thy silver current shines,  
Sleeping now in granite basins  
Overhung by trailing vines ;

\* Black Mountain.

And anon careering onward  
In the maddest frolic moods,  
Waking with its sea-like voices  
Fairy echoes in the woods.

Peaceful sleep thy narrow valleys  
In the shadow of the hills,  
And thy flower-enamelled border  
All the air with fragrance fills.  
Wild luxuriance, generous tillage,  
Here alternate meet the view ;  
Every turn, through all thy windings,  
Still revealing something new.

Where, O graceful Swannanoa !  
Are thy warriors, who of old  
Sought thee at thy mountain sources,  
Where thy springs are icy-cold ?  
Where, the dark-browed Indian maidens  
Who their limbs were wont to lave

(Worthy bath for fairer beauty)  
In thy cool and limpid wave ?

Gone forever from thy borders,  
But immortal in thy name,  
Are the red men of the forest : —  
Be thou keeper of their fame !  
Paler races dwell beside thee,  
Celt and Saxon till thy land ;  
Wedding use unto thy beauty,  
Blending in one social band.







## VIEW FROM MOUNT ADAMS.\*

**B**EYOND the river, wide around,  
The broken hills in beauty lie ;  
With bowery clumps of foliage  
crowned,

And crests that seem to touch the sky.

Now spreads the morning's rosy light  
Far o'er the fresh and dewy scene,  
And rolls the brightening shades of night  
Down western slope and deep ravine.

\* Mount Adams is a very high knoll of land on the Ohio River, just above Cincinnati. It commands a magnificent prospect of the city and its vicinity, of Kentucky, and of the Ohio River in both directions. So attractive was this beautiful elevation of land, especially before residences and "improvements" (?) encumbered its sides, that General Mitchell,

The rising sun the churches greets,  
And sets their golden spires aglow ;  
While far along the slumbering streets  
Its wakening floods of radiance flow.

Now here and there comes briskly out  
The man who means to thrive and rise ;  
Or some gay horseman, on his route  
To view the pomp of earth and skies.

Lone, towering tree-tops far off stand  
Medallioned on the soft gray sky ;  
And nearer, picturesque and grand,  
Flows smoothly the Ohio by.

From sky and hills wrapt in blue haze  
It issues like a glassy plain,  
And near us in the sunlight plays,  
Then seeks the sky and hills again.

the astronomer, many years ago selected it for his residence,  
and for the Cincinnati Observatory.

Along it many a mount uprears

Its pomp of shade and bloom unfurled ;  
And on its top a mansion bears,  
That proudly overlooks the world.

And far beyond those dusky heights

A statesman in his glory sleeps : \*  
No purer patriot to her rights  
Columbia in her annals keeps.

There, too, the heroine maid now rests, †

Whose awful tale of love and wrong  
Shows what revenge in female breasts  
Should awe the perjured lover long.

Now blooming gardens, clustering groves,

Broad fields of dark luxuriant green,  
And rows of trees in long alcoves,  
Wave in a sea of silver sheen !

\* Henry Clay.

† Mrs. Beauchamp.

White mansions far around appear,  
    Snug nestled in their bowers of green ;  
And yelping packs just reach the ear,  
    That chase the sly fox to his den.

But o'er the city's growing din  
    Spread rolling smoke-clouds every way ;  
And morning's beauties vanish in  
    The heat and bustle of the day.





## A Q U E R Y .



HEY say my eyes are diamonds  
bright, —

Filled with such flashing, kindling  
light

As seems to pierce them through ;  
That every glance is worth a mine,  
Or worth at least a poet's line : —

I'm not so sure. Are you ?

They say my thoughts are strings of pearl,  
Well bought with rent-roll of an earl,

Though whispered, and but few ;  
My rhymes are true poetic fire,  
Caught from Apollo's sun-kissed lyre : —

I'm not so sure. Are you ?

They say my voice is soft and low, —  
Which, some one says, should e'er be so,  
And some one ought to know ;  
That every tone sinks to the heart,  
With strange, mesmeric, magic art : —  
I'm not so sure. Are you ?


✱

They say some wondrous other things,  
And talk about a boy with wings,  
The blind, yet seeing too !  
Which makes me laugh within my sleeve : —  
Such nonsense *I* can ne'er believe,  
I'm very sure. Can *you* ?





## THE CURL CUT FROM MY TEMPLE.

 O to her breast, my envied Curl,  
And if you there seem loosed and  
lost,

Cling to the rose-bud hills of pearl

On which 't were heaven to be so tossed.

Cling, cling, with every silken ring,

As if my temples throbbed above ;

And, truant ! when you closest cling,

Tell her you grew on thoughts of love !

O wildly envied ! — you will sleep

Upon that bed more white than snow,

While passionately past will creep

The warm and voiceless veins below.

And you will hear her soft lips sever

When thoughts of love grow wild beneath ;  
Then, truant ! if you loved me ever,

List, if in sleep my name she breathe.

She 'll wake, — and round those dainty fingers

Your tangled mesh will fondly creep ;  
Or, while her dream of passion lingers,  
She 'll press you to her lips in sleep.

But when amid her fragrant breath

Each silken fibre trembling stirs,  
O truant ! tell her, until death  
My life, my soul, thus thrills to hers !








## PRIMEVAL TEXAN SCENERY.

The following poem is an effort to preserve a picture of scenes that will, to a great extent, have passed away a few years hence.

OME, my Flora, let us go  
Where the fair magnolias blow ;  
Where the clear and rippling stream  
Glances in the sunny beam,  
And the cane in matted ranks  
Waves so green along its banks ;  
Where o'er many a vale and hill  
Spreads the ancient forest still,  
And no tree of all its pride  
From the invading axe has died ;  
Where through prairies, green and wide,  
Shade-embosomed waters glide ;

And where music, sweet and clear,  
Myriad-warbled charms the ear,  
From the birds which all along  
Fill the wooded stream with song, —  
Save when drowned by gales that raid,  
Sallying through the twinkling shade,  
And o'er verdure's silver lining,  
Where the fragrant flowers are shining.  
See what palace-roof of shade  
O'er yon pool the branches braid ;  
And the sportive muscadine,  
Dense the lofty shade to twine,  
Weaves across from tree to tree  
Blooming rich embroidery,  
Whence the minstrels forest-born  
Wake and cheer the summer's morn.  
In the pool glide thick about  
Golden perch and silvery trout ;  
From the deep and sedgy nook  
Quick they seize the baited hook,

Yielding many an hour of joy  
To the angling truant boy.  
Scattered here and there are seen  
Vigorous hollies darkly green,  
That with berries scarlet red  
Soon will fairer beauty shed.  
Round the moist and moss-green rock  
Yellow gleams the water-dock ;  
And from boughs that reach across,  
Hangs the long gray southern moss.  
Shaggy cedars, near above,  
Tuft the gray and rifted bluff ;  
Sometimes bending forth to see  
Their own beauteous symmetry,  
In the mirror pool below,  
Like the trees which round it grow.

Tread we now the myrtle glade,  
Through the cool and solid shade ;  
Nature's court it seems to be,

Where she holds her revelry,  
What a ceiling high o'erhead  
Rests on living pillars spread !  
What a massive colonnade  
Stretches down the widening glade !  
Not a limb obstructs the view,  
Scarce a sun-glance flashes through ;  
Not a bush is in the woods  
Save the myrtle sisterhoods,  
And the rose that droopingly  
Hangs out in the vacancy ;  
While the ground afar and nigh  
Glow with green and flow'ry dye,  
As the broad, clear sky of night  
Beams with blue and starry light.  
Here the idle Zephyrs rest,  
And on fragrant coolness feast ;  
O'er the waving myrtles stray,  
And on beds of violets play ;  
Then in foliage hide around,

Whence with sweet Æolian sound  
Rush they from these sylvan halls,  
Where the sultry prairie calls.  
Nimble squirrels frisk around, —  
Everywhere their chatterings scound ;  
Here and there a clear, sweet note  
Issues from some warbler's throat ;  
Turkeys wild, with gobblings shrill,  
Far and wide the forest fill,  
While the pheasant drums mock thunder  
Faintly in the copses under,  
And the huntsman, glad to hear,  
Cautiously approaches near.  
See the spotted fawn, and, lo !  
Yonder stands the antlered row,  
Staring, turning, whistling, then  
Bounding away over hill and glen.  
Now they halt, and turn to see  
Whether more of danger be ;  
But again their instincts keen

Smell some human foe unseen ;  
And swift whirling, off to run —  
Hark ! the deadly crack of gun !  
Ah ! the rifle's whizzing ball  
Dooms their pride and chief to fall !  
Here they come, — their death to shun ;  
Down he drops, — his strength is gone !  
Thus he's doomed from them to sever,  
Thus they part from him forever.  
Darker flows the crimson tide  
Down his beauteous glossy side.  
How he struggles hard with death ;  
How he catches for his breath !  
Now his large, mild hazel eye  
Bends on us — then shuts — to die !  
Turn we now our thoughts and eyes  
From the ruthless hunter's prize.

Yonder bright'ning glow of light  
Shows a prairie is in sight ;

What a vast and charming scene !  
Vision scarce can grasp it in,  
Fading far in blue away,  
Though o'erflushed with gorgeous day.  
Not a city shines so fair  
To the approaching traveller ;  
Pisgah showed no lovelier sight  
To the mighty Israelite.  
Far and farther still outspread  
Meadows flecked with isles of shade.  
O'er them waves of verdure roll  
Like the sea's when winds control ;  
For unchecked by hills or woods,  
Here in all their multitudes,  
Winds and flowers revel free,  
Banded in their love and glee.  
And in every bowery isle,  
Radiant with the morning's smile,  
Where the spring has open laid  
Buds of sweetness with the shade,

Like a thousand fairy tongues  
Swells the choir of insect throngs.  
On the winding slopes and plains  
Graze the deer, and stalk the cranes ;  
And in the deep solitude  
Of these plains, by stream and wood,  
Where the wolf-band hungry howls,  
And the fearless panther prowls,  
Sport the mustangs numerously,  
Glorying in their liberty.  
Swifter than the wind they fly  
When a human form they spy ;  
And with rim of deadly hoof  
Beat the gaunt wolf phalanx off.\*  
Flocks of speckled prairie-hens  
Dwell in all the seedy glens ;

\* When a herd of mustangs, or wild horses, is attacked by a pack of wolves, the mustangs instantly form a circle, with their heads together and their hind parts out. They then strike off the wolves with a circular battery of kicking, until the latter are willing to search for a feast somewhere else.



And with swift wing, whirring light,  
Make they many an arch of flight.  
Rising from his prairie nest,  
With a rapture-swelling breast,  
Up till eye can scarce descry,  
Soars the lark into the sky,  
Thus to sing his praise and cheer  
Nearest to his Maker's ear ;  
Poised on fluttering wings above,  
Forth he pours his soul of love.  
Sometimes on the sky's pure blue,  
Far beyond discerning view,  
Some gay robin, gliding along,  
Leaves a trail of sweetest song.  
And from some lone border tree,  
With full life and ecstasy  
Pours the mocking-bird his lay,  
Mimics all, and leads astray ;  
Master of the warbling list,  
Critic and ventriloquist.

Now and then aloft he springs,  
Thus to show 't is he that sings,  
Or to catch his soul again,  
That fled with the last sweet strain.  
Geese, with sweetly pensive note,  
Northward seek their home remote ;  
And the eagles far away  
In the aerial ocean play.  
Flocks of clouds in silvery sheen  
Hover scattered o'er the scene,  
Pastured by the Sun on high  
In the blue fields of the sky ;  
And oft seem to look below,  
With love's sympathetic glow.

To the left, far as the main,  
Nature seems o'er all to reign,  
Like some goddess while the world  
Lay in all its youth unfurled ;  
Her own boundless farm it seems,

That with all her plenty teems,  
Where the peaceful centuries  
Glide away in silent bliss.

To the right, far from the strand,  
Rises high the prairie land ;  
One long bay of richest soil,  
Quick to sun and light to toil,  
Walled in green by towering trees,  
And a creek that nurtures these.  
Here the vigorous settlement  
Of some daring emigrant <sup>1</sup>  
Gleams in fields and gardens out,  
And in flocks that graze about ;—  
A broad plateau of world-wide view,  
'Twixt gleaming sea and mountains blue ;  
Fair as some Acadia found,  
Or a Canaan's hallowed ground,  
That still shows to finder's eyes  
Glimpses of old Paradise.

Here the fig shall bloom and bear  
Through all seasons of the year ;  
Here the peach shall feed by day  
In the sweetening solar ray ;  
And in myriads plums gleam through,  
Flushed with ripening gold or blue.  
Here the purple-clustered vine  
Overwhelmed with fruit shall shine ;  
Melons huge shall everywhere  
Over sheltering vine-leaves peer ;  
Other vines the soil shall screen  
With still richer maze of green ;  
And the sweet potatoes under  
Shall in size become a wonder,  
While such honeyed saccharine swells them  
That in baking half it melts them.  
Here, in happy times of peace,  
Cotton-plants shall flower and fleece ;  
And in giant size shall be  
Like some vegetable tree,<sup>2</sup>

When they find their genial home  
In some cany bottom loam.  
Here the sugar-cane shall grow  
Till it hides the ground below ;  
And when leaves with autumn gleam  
Everywhere the juice shall stream  
In sweet rills of liquid treasure,  
From the mill's cylindric pressure.  
Here the maize shall twice a year  
Bear the ripe and bending ear.  
Here abundant toilsome bees,  
Housed in hives or forest-trees,  
Shall bring honey all the year,  
From the woods and prairies near.  
Snow-white lambs that run and bleat,  
And in merry gambols meet,  
Distant hills shall ever show ;  
While on richer plains below,  
And on knolls forever green,  
Herds of grazing kine are seen.

Thus the land, uncursed with money,  
Yet shall flow with milk and honey, —  
One bright wreath of rural joys  
Where no want or care annoys,  
Where true love and peace shall e'er  
Every heart to heart endear,  
And the farmer e'er shall find  
Social bliss among his kind,  
While the genial clime and soil  
Cheer his soul, and pay his toil.

Happiest mode of man's employ,  
Surest way to worldly joy ;  
Scene remote from teeming life,  
Its great hardships, sins, and strife ;  
Far from towns, — their filth and guile,  
Deadly pests and loud turmoil ;  
Lonely as some tropic isle,  
Where the lover and his love  
As again in Eden rove.

Here no Future's cloud of dread  
Shades the worldly life ahead ;  
Hearts are free, and may refuse  
What the soul would never choose,  
Save when bending in its strife  
With the social ills of life.  
Bounteous Nature's daily guest,  
Man toils lightly, and feels blest ;  
Draws direct from God supplies,  
Who ne'er disappoints nor lies ;  
And must not, of want afraid,  
Sink his manhood in his trade ;  
Nor, from nature fair shut in,  
Must he grow a mere machine,  
Buried in some factory's grave,  
Through his life a pining slave :  
For, whate'er the wise may say,  
Work is pleasant but while play ;  
Or while we see in the gain  
Greater good than present pain,

Or that there will be years hence  
Rest and ease and competence.

Pause we now awhile to see  
All the forms of industry,  
Which o'er this fair rural scene  
Tell of life and bliss serene.  
See how many a chimney's blue  
Rises lively to the view,  
Where the happy mother early  
Cares for him she loves most dearly.  
See how many a shining plough  
Turns the loose dark furrow now,  
Burying deep the sweet young green,  
And upturning worms within.  
Maidens sing around the dairy ;  
And on school-path, through the prairie,  
Where in colors bright and dainty  
Wild-flowers spring in myriad plenty,  
Children rosy-faced and singing



Hie to meet the school-bell's ringing.  
Wooing bluebirds sweetly twitter ;  
Clouds of blackbirds whirl and glitter,  
Or in showers of minstrelsy  
Load like fruit some patriarch tree ;  
While through all ring faint as dream  
Barking squirrel and purling stream.  
All is busy, all is gay,  
On this balmy vernal day :  
Warblings in the sprouting shade ;  
Lowings on the grassy glade ;  
Neighings of the lively steed,  
Prancing o'er the pasture mead ;  
Breezes out a violet-hunting ;  
Flowering grapes their sweetness venting ;  
Cypress vines so dainty climbing,  
Where the children's mirth rings chiming ;  
Chasing hounds, with yelping noise ;  
Hunter's horn and cheering voice ;  
Martins twittering, partlets singing,

Mill-wheel fluttering, anvil ringing ; —  
All is busy, all is gay,  
On this balmy vernal day.

Although the reign I love to see,  
Of science, arts, and industry ;  
Yet, when I think of scenes that were,  
Or to the Indian race recur,  
And then think of their present state,  
I pity the poor Indian's fate.

Here once gleamed the council fire,  
Eloquence untutored flowed,  
Till for deeds most brave and dire  
Every warrior's bosom glowed.

Undisturbed by fire-arms' rattle,  
Squaws the cosey wigwam made,  
Warriors strove in feast and battle,  
Sachems rested in the shade.

Here they gave the belt of wampum,  
Smoked the calumet of peace ;  
And around the evening camp-home,  
Shared the spoils of war and chase.

Here the patriarch, as in Canaan,  
Viewed his happy race around ;  
And a wealth for their maintaining,  
In spontaneous plenty found.

Here roamed numerous, deer and turkey,  
O'er the still and blooming wild ;  
And in cane-brakes green and murky,  
Bears lay hid, and beavers toiled.

Mustangs fleet, and buffaloes burly,  
Feeding grouped in isles around  
Where blue sky, or white cloud curly,  
Stooped to touch earth's farthest bound.

Ducks and geese in swarming plenty,  
Sojourned through the winter bare ;  
And when other means grew scanty,  
Gave abundant dainty fare.

Here the mocking-bird at even  
Sung upon the live-oak's crown,  
Till the listening stars of heaven  
Looked in throngs and wonder down.

Here the forest, vast, primeval,  
In its grandest glory grew ;  
And no civilization's evil  
Nature and her children knew.

Here no loathsome grim diseases,  
And no conscience-stinging vice,  
Nor the wealth that can oppress us,  
Filled with woe the earth and skies.

Nature's wants were few and simple,  
And the chase gave robust health ;  
Bower and sky to man were temple,  
Every gift and beauty wealth.

Oft across the shadowy waters,  
On the tranquil summer's eve,  
Light canoes, with lads and daughters,  
Might be seen their way to cleave.

And the woodlands green or golden,  
Showered with nuts or berries through,  
Bands of jovial ramblers strolled in,  
And the quail and squirrel too.

Oft the youth lay here reposing  
In the dark magnolian shade,  
Or his love-pained heart disclosing  
To some black-haired olive maid.

Here the damsel, fond of pleasing,  
Decked her head with roses wild ;  
Void of coquet arts of teasing,  
Pure and artless as a child.

Here upon her Hiawatha  
Cinctured in his trophy belt,  
Gazed the fond young Minnehaha  
With the sweetest love e'er felt.

But their tribes and works have vanished ;  
Scarce a relic can be found,  
Save of arms which once they brandished,  
And the unheeded burial mound.

Low they lie where last contending  
For their rights and native soil ;  
Or they are life in exile spending,  
Suffering hunger, cold, and toil.

To the out-door far West driven,  
Friendless skies and famine soil ;  
And to self-destruction \* given,  
Or the white man's selfish guile, —

Like a bank that waves are wasting,  
Like a cloud in desert clime,  
Like a day to sunset hasting,  
Pass they from the world and time.

Though the Indian left the lands  
To the conquering squatter bands ;  
Yet when he had passed away,  
Long roamed fiercely beasts of prey.  
Here the ruthless panther prowled,  
Here the night wolf hungry howled ;  
And more dreaded far than they,  
Jaguars † in the jungles lay.

\* By being huddled together, so as to make war upon one another.

† An animal larger and fiercer than the panther, and usually called, in Texas, the South-American lion.

Oft the lonely pioneer,  
Journeying through the forests here,  
Where for days no house he found,  
Nor a human sign or sound,  
All night by his fire must lie,  
Watching for some glaring eye.  
But the wolves in squad array  
Chiefly held nocturnal sway ;  
Close the infant grappled when  
Near their hideous howl began,  
Or the rallying flocks distressed  
Roused the farmer from his rest,  
Or the mastiff, fierce at bay  
While they searched the yard for prey,  
Having chased him just before  
With a rush beneath the floor,  
And with teeth whose snapping din  
Even the sleepers heard within.<sup>3</sup>  
But at times more direful still  
Rose the distant war-whoop shrill,



That roused all with trembling fear,  
As it told of massacre :  
For revenge undying burns,  
And the Indian still returns,  
His deep-rooted wrath to wreak. —  
Hark ! that horrid yell, — that shriek, —  
Glowing smoke, ascending high,  
Shows the deed, and danger nigh !  
But where shall the lookers-on  
Flee at night their death to shun ?  
Warriors grim are lurking round  
Where an ambush can be found ;  
And the night is dark and dreary,  
Forts are far, the weak soon weary.  
Yet with terror-beating heart,  
Through the dark the exiles dart ;  
While their boding fancies see  
Every Indian cruelty : —  
Skulls and brains asunder hewn ;  
Limbs cut off, and quivering strewn ;

Human blood with war-whoop toasted ;  
Human flesh for eating roasted ;  
Suppliant's locks seized by the foe,  
While the knife runs round below,  
Or the hatchet 's driven in  
With sardonic mock and grin ;  
Scalps and tomahawks that drip ;  
Faces black from choker's grip ;  
Mothers dead at hearth-stones lying,  
Infants at the nipple dying ;  
Children gagged or dashed to death,  
As they wept on captor's path ;  
Wretch as target bound to tree,  
Till by arrowy death set free ;  
Wretch who must at stake expire  
By a slow-consuming fire ;  
Wretch who must the gauntlet run  
Through all deaths and fiendish fun ;  
Wretch who finds an early grave  
From the daily woes of slave !

Naked giants, painted hideous,  
That rush forth from haunts insidious.  
Eagles' feathers, claws of bear,  
Panthers' skins and eyes they wear ;  
All the terrors of the wild  
That can frighten man or child.  
Everywhere they slay, and yell  
Worse than raving fiends from hell ;  
Nor from slaughter will refrain,  
Till a desert 's made again !

O what danger, toil, and pain,  
Did the pioneer sustain !  
But a scene to cheer and bless  
Was the teeming wilderness.  
For the pleasures of the chase  
And a beauteous dwelling-place,  
For the wealth of nature round  
And the solitude profound,  
Home he left with all its charms,

Danger dared in all its forms.  
In the woods and prairies vast,  
Through the interval which passed  
Till the land was repossessed,  
Myriad-like all game increased.<sup>4</sup>  
Man and want they never knew,  
And domestic-tame they grew.  
Luscious verdure all the year  
Fed the buffalo and deer.  
Down the long and jungled creek,  
And where oaks the prairies break,  
Nuts and acorns plenteous lay  
Till beyond the following May ;  
Bear and 'coon, from year to year,  
Lived in peace and fatness there.  
Showered with nuts, the wild pecan  
Gleamed out soon as leaves were gone ;  
While the knolls of hazel near,  
Heavier drooped with burden fair.  
Other trees, with vines o'errun,

In the pride of Canaan shone, —  
Rounded, crowned, and clustered o'er,  
With the grape's cerulean store ;  
Or from bush on bank and beach,  
Clusters hung in easy reach.  
Dewberries, 'midst the summer's heat,  
In all valleys ripened sweet ;  
Mulberries black, and large as thumb,  
Grew beside the juicy plum ;  
While a clime, forever mild,  
Crowned the peaceful, blooming wild.

Such was once that golden age  
Sung by bard and praised by sage ;  
But no worldly joys last long,  
Woes into all pleasures throng,  
Serpents seek the flow'riest bed,  
Life and bliss to death are wed,  
Clouds may shade the fairest day,  
Storms prevent the world's decay.

Soon the strife for freedom came,  
Fields of blood and towns of flame ;  
Mexico her treacherous horde  
In like blasting locusts poured ;  
Bút thëy wëre met as once of yore  
Persians on the Grecian shore.  
Though defenders were but few,  
Yet they were a valiant crew ;  
Bravest of the brave were they,  
And ne'er shunned but sought the fray ;  
Nor desisted from the strife  
Till fair Freedom sprung to life,  
And they 'd rescued all their land  
From the invading conqueror's hand.  
Though they suffered want and woe,  
And the ravage of the foe ;  
Though their noblest manhood fell  
In the storms of shot and shell ;  
Though all mortal ills upsprung  
Which to weakness ever clung —

Sickness, death, and Indians dire,  
Preying wolves and sweeping fire, —  
Yet they never ceased to cope,  
Nor abated heart or hope,  
Even in the darkest day,  
Till they taught the foe that they,  
Though o'erwhelmed with sword and pen,  
Knew their rights, and dared maintain !

Now the storm of war is past,  
And the rack is fleeing fast.  
Peace, like sunshine, comes again ;  
Nature hails the joyful reign.  
Skies wear not a boding look ;  
Flowers spring fairer by the brook ;  
Birds' sweet carols wake each morrow,  
Less that seeming tinge of sorrow ;  
Farms that wasted long have lain,  
In their charms revive again ;

Bustling trade and conquering arts  
Rise again in peopled marts ;  
Factories ply, with cosey hum,  
Busy spindle, wheel, and loom ;  
Commerce spreads again his sail  
To the wooing breeze and gale ;  
Learning lends her lamp divine  
To illume Invention's mine ;  
Music's mellow concords rise  
When the sunset gilds the skies,  
Telling tales of rest and ease  
And abundant fruits of peace ;  
Church-bell sweet no longer tolls  
Mournful exits of brave souls ;  
Nor does nightly torch throw light  
O'er the war-field's funeral rite, —  
But each night some cheerful star  
Radiates from each household far,  
Where light tasks and social love  
Life and happiness improve.



Emigrants unceasing come  
Here to find a happy home.  
Many a tent gleams snowy white  
In the early morning light,  
Where the new-come settler roves,  
Or has found the nook he loves.  
All the land is spotting o'er  
With plantations ; and the shore,  
Fringed with isles of sunny green,  
And deep harbors' tranquil sheen,  
Soon the Gulf with towns shall gem  
Like a starry diadem.

Here let us, too, be content ;  
Life 'mid rural scenes be spent ;  
Keep a hospitable roof,  
And from worldly strife aloof ;  
Rightly use the days that fly ;  
Happy live, and hopeful die.

## NOTES.

Note 1, page 129.

*Here the vigorous settlement  
Of some daring emigrant, etc.*

TEXAS, like most new countries, was settled by emigrants somewhat in the following manner : The most beautiful and productive, or the most eligible sections of the country, were first selected by pioneers ; and in each of these sections a small cluster of them would settle down together, for the sake of defense and sociability. Such a settlement was usually named in honor of the first pioneer or settler, or in honor of the leader or principal man of the band of settlers ; just as we have in Missouri "Boone's Settlement," thence "Boone County" and "Booneville," all named in honor of Daniel Boone of Kentucky, who died in Missouri, and was scarcely less a pioneer of Missouri than of Kentucky. These primitive settlements were generally most exemplary specimens of Acadian simplicity, honesty, comfort, virtue, sociability, and friendship. The distance from one settlement to another varied from ten to fifty miles ; so that the very solitude around the settlements served to knit the people more closely together in the bonds of affection than

they ever are in a completely inhabited country. The surrounding wilderness also furnished for a long time most delightful hunting-grounds and common pasturage for the settlement. As soon as "new-comers" began to occupy the lands of the intervening wilderness, the old pioneers or settlers would begin to lament that "people were getting too thick"; and they would then "sell out," and again seek the frontier, — thus ever verging on the wilderness as the surf of the ocean runs along the shore. Afterwards, when the country was divided into counties, the name of the settlement was not unfrequently given to the new county which contained it.

Note .2, page 130.

*And in giant size shall be  
Like some vegetable tree, etc.*

WHEN a massive cane-brake is destroyed for the purpose of making a field of the ground, the decaying cane-roots, and the accustomed energy of the soil required to sustain the cane-brake, make the land so exceedingly productive that the writer of this has seen the limbs of cotton-plants in such places still meet even when the cotton had been planted nine feet apart; and when a lad, he and some other boys once climbed such cotton-stalks several feet, simply by stepping on and holding to the limbs of the stalk.

Note 3, page 142.

*And with teeth whose snapping din  
Even the sleepers heard within, etc.*

DURING the first year of our residence in Texas, we lived on a high knoll in a beautiful prairie, half a mile from the surrounding forest. We were often awaked at night by the long, melancholy, and hideous howlings of bands of wolves that foraged around the borders of the prairie. Their howl seemed to my boyish imagination like the commingled wail and vengeful raving of a hundred subterranean fiends, breaking forth into the distant air, and swelling in fullness and clearness of sound. We had taken with us from the North a large and fierce bull-dog ; but the wolves, on several occasions, chased him at night under the house, with such fierce and loud snapping of their white, gnashing teeth, that we could distinctly hear it in the house ; though they never pursued him under the floor, as the wolf is too cautious ever to go where he cannot see his surroundings. It is perhaps needless to add, that we always endeavored to greet these intrusive lords of the forest with such appliance of powder and lead as made their untimely visits less and less frequent.

Note 4, page 146.

*Till the land was repossessed,  
Myriad-like all game increased, etc.*

DURING the undisturbed interval of ten or fifteen years, between the exit of the Indian tribes and any considerable occupancy of the country on the part of whites, all kinds of game in Texas multiplied to a wonderful degree. When a lad, I journeyed through that country in company with a friend. Sometimes we saw more than a hundred deer feeding together in one gang in the prairie; and at places where we encamped during the night, we could frequently see, as we came out of our tent in the morning, deer in three or four different directions from the camp. Wild turkeys also gobbled vigorously every morning in all directions; and they were so abundant along the wooded streams, that sometimes hundreds could be seen in a flock, or in a succession of flocks. Indeed, the whole country looked like one immense pastoral farm, ruled by and belonging to the Deity of the Wilderness. — See last line of page 128.



## FRAGMENTS.

### GLORY.

**A**S Earth's volcanic spasms must up-  
throw  
The precious ores and gems of all  
her climes,  
So nations can their glorious traits but show  
By the stern trials of tempestuous times.

### BONAPARTE AND WASHINGTON.

AMBITION's power and glory must decay ;  
But Virtue's works shall crown the Judgment  
Day.

## ALEXANDRINES.

"A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."  
POPE.

A BRIMMING Alexandrine comes along,  
And, rich as music's close, varies and crowns  
the song.

## A CERTAIN HOTEL.

It smells like a hospital, looks like a dungeon ;  
And millions of flies wait to help eat your  
luncheon.

COLUMBIA, Mo., July, 1857.

## WASHINGTON CITY.

THE COMMON OPINION POETIZED.

As the full moon in clearest splendor rose,  
The man therein was seen to catch his nose ;  
And close he held it, with a nasty grin,  
Till high above that slough of fraud and sin

## ON NAMING CHILDREN.

I WOULD not be a great man ; for I think you  
will agree,  
All blockheads, scamps, and vagabonds would  
be named after me.

---

HER name was full of golden words, and long  
as any river ;  
So I concluded that was all her folks e'er meant  
to give her.

---

POOR creature ! what a horrid name !  
Than triple-Russianed Russian worse ;  
Through life a laughter and a shame, —  
'T was surely given for a curse !



## THE UNITED STATES.

BLEST land for ev'ry genius, — paradise  
For every *ism, pathy, ics, and ology* ;  
Where every knave of tact and enterprise  
Finds room and fools for nostrums and macrology,\*  
And makes his pile before his dupes are wise ;  
Or, having set up some high-sounding college, he  
Becomes the panaceist of the nation,  
And spreads our glory over all creation !

## EPITAPH ON THE HON. ———

A LITTLE ugly man in flesh and soul,  
To see the right as stupid as a log ;  
A thorough tyrant where he could control,  
And, where best known, declared a perfect hog !

\* Familiarly called *buncombe*.

## CONSCIENCE.

Ah! can itself the spirit shun,  
Soon as the guilty deed is done?  
Can all this world one joy impart,  
When hell itself boils in heart?

## BENTON AND MISSOURI.

(See debates of the Missouri Legislature of 1858.)

HIS substance, life, genius, all freely he gave,  
And then she begrudged e'en a stone for his  
grave.

## SUMMER.

IN the silver of sun-glow the waters are glancing;  
To the music of Zephyr the light leaves are dancing;  
And silver-white clouds trail their delicate shadows,  
Over gold-rippling harvests and dark-heaving meadows.

OSAGE RIVER, MO.



TO FLORA.



LOVELY as the fairest light  
On flashing waters playing,  
And gentle as the dreams of night  
Through childhood's fancy straying,  
And sweet as is the summer dew,  
On violet beds descending,  
My thoughts of thee arise to view,  
With memory's visions blending.  
Then when the holy silent night  
Its charms o'er thee is flinging,  
When loved ones beam upon thy sight,  
And fairy tones seem ringing,  
Let but one thought of me intrude  
When Memory thus is stealing  
Her charms from time and solitude,  
And absent forms revealing.



## EYES.



LOVE the eye that looks an azure  
world ;

For then I dream of skies and all  
their blueness,

Or violets in their own mute worth impearled,  
Which show me beauty in their youth and  
newness.

I love the eye that seems a thunder-cloud, —

The stormy black one, flinging out its fire :

There is a hidden home behind its shroud,

Where all the spirits of young love retire.

I love the gray eye, — though the least of all, —

Whose look is like the evening's silent fall ;

An indistinct, unsettled kind of light,

The mingled poetry of day and night.

But blue, or black, or gray, or more uncommon,

I love them all when they belong to woman.



## WINTER.

**N**OW, while the rear-guard of the  
flying year,  
Rugged December, on the season's  
verge

Marshals his pale days to the mournful dirge  
Of muffled winds in distant forests drear,  
Good friend ! turn with me to our in-door cheer.

Draw nigh ; the huge flames roar upon the  
hearth,

And this sly sparkler, of the subtlest birth  
And a rich vintage, poets' souls hold dear.

Mark, how the sweet rogue woos us ! set  
thee down ;

And we will quaff, and quaff, and drink our fill,  
Until the blasts shall seem to wail no more,  
Nor ocean's billows roar along the shore,  
But silver-ringing clarions seem to thrill,  
And shouts of triumph peal from hill to hill.





## ON THE BLUE RIDGE.

### I.

**H**ERE let me pause, by the lone eagle's  
nest ;  
And breathe the golden sunlight  
and pure air,  
Which gird and gladden all this region fair  
With a perpetual benison of rest.  
Like a grand purpose that a God has blest,  
The immemorial mountain seems to rise,  
Yearning to overtop diviner skies,  
Though monarch of the pomp of east and west.  
And, pondering here, the genius of the height  
Quickens my soul as if an angel spake ;

And I can feel old chains of custom break,  
And strong ambitions start to win the light,  
A calm resolve born with them, in whose  
might  
I thank thee, Heaven! that noble thoughts  
awake.

Night drives out day ; the sun the verge has  
passed,  
Or glows behind the mountains blue and  
high :  
Twilight and rest steal o'er the hills at last,  
And angel watchmen light the dusky sky.  
Across the eastern mountains far I came,  
And deemed I should be happier by the  
change ;  
But place still leaves the anxious heart the same,  
And bliss must spring within where'er we  
range.



Sunsets and rainbows and the star-lit blue,  
Earth's glories and the sky's are in the mind ;  
The heart must give the universe its hue,  
And there's no beauty where the soul is blind.  
We bear within us that which makes us blest,  
Or heaven and hell are carried in the breast.





## THE TWO TWILIGHTS.

### I.



HERE are two twilights, — each a  
lamp-lit vase :

One, when the bells ring matins,  
in the east

Blushes with inner flame like ember mist  
Dim-glimmering, ere dawn, through grayish  
haze ;

So beautiful the gradual lustre plays, —

First faint, then purple-tinted, then increased,  
Then flashed to nothing by keen daylight's  
blaze.

The other in the deep-illumined west,  
Upon an altar in draped crimson dressed,

Stands o'er the sunken sun ; of purest gold  
Is the rich lamp within, — now amethyst  
And rose and alabaster its fine mould ;  
And as above grows dim the golden mist,  
Behind a trellis-work of opal bars  
It glows — it fades — 't is quenched, — pierced  
through with arrowy stars.

## II.

And all around these magic vases two,  
Fancy can see aerial imagery,  
In sculptured form and deep transparency,  
Mirrored suggestive to the raptured view.  
On one are marked spring's earliest birds of blue,  
A pair of lovers coming through the rye,  
A huntsman with his horn uplifted high,  
And full-blown lilacs diamonded with dew.  
'The other shows a spire behind some trees,  
An eastern hermit musing 'neath a palm,  
St. John in Patmos on his holy knees,

A heaven-eyed virgin chanting a low psalm,  
A brace of ring-doves floating down the  
breeze,  
And a young Saviour sporting with a lamb.





## THE DESPAIR OF GRIEF.

ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER.



SO oft the poet, in elaborate verse,  
Flushed with quaint images and  
gorgeous tropes,

Casteth a doubtful light which is not Hope's  
On the dark spot where Death has set his  
curse

In monumental silence. Nature starts  
Indignant from the sacrilege of words  
That ring so hollow, and forlornly girds  
Her great woe round her: there's no trick of  
Art's

But shows most ghastly by a new-made tomb. —

I see no balm in Gilead, — he is lost !

The beautiful soul that loved me, my life's  
bloom,

Is withered by a sudden blighting frost ! —

O Grief! how mighty ! — Creeds! how vain ye  
are ! —

Earth presses closely. — Heaven seems cold  
and far !





## MUTABILITY.



HERE 'S a sigh in the heart  
When I sit and muse o'er  
The joys of my life,  
Which can be mine no more.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When I think of the grave  
Where the good angel sleeps  
Who my life to me gave.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When I think of her love,  
As pure and as deep  
As the angels' above.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
For the bud by her side ;  
While we loved her the most,  
She faded and died !

There 's a sigh in the heart  
For that far and sad tomb,  
Where our youngest was laid  
In his manhood and bloom !

There 's a sigh in the heart  
For the cottage decayed,  
Which us children housed all,  
And around which we played.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When I reflect how,  
In the world and the grave,  
We are all scattered now !



There 's a sigh in the heart  
For that good little home ;  
I find none else so dear,  
Wheresoever I roam.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
For that sweet nest of love,  
Where we prayed morn and eve  
To the Being above.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
For that home's vanished joys, —  
The orchard, lawn, fountain,  
Books, pictures, and toys.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
For its holidays bright,  
With their fineries and knicknacks  
And social delight.

.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When I think how of yore  
Round the board rang the laugh  
Of the friends now no more.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When I notice how few  
Are the good neighbors round,  
Whom I once so well knew.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When I cast round my eye,  
And see all things have changed  
Save the hills, stream, and sky.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When I see weed and bush  
In the garden that once  
Bloomed so fragrant and flush.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
As again rise to view  
The wild Osage hills,  
With their cedars and blue.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
For the rambles which there  
Were for game, fruit, and flowers,  
So frequent and dear.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
For the woods that recall  
Their lone music of breeze  
And the lulled waterfall ;

The hazel's gold tassels,  
The plum's crown of white,  
The red-bud's pink mantle,  
The pool's witching bite ;

And the maple's bright tincture  
Of crimson and gold,  
When the nut wealth of autumn  
To the ground fell and rolled.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When I think of the dreams  
Which then gilded and gemmed  
All my life's future schemes.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
For the visions that part  
From the memory of youth,  
Like the core from the heart.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
As I think of that time  
When no sorrow or care  
Sullied life's happy prime.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When I think of the school  
(Once so full of light hearts)  
On the green shady knoll.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
For those friendships now lost,  
Then so strong that it seemed  
They could never be crossed.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
For the maid heavenly fair,  
Who first fired to delirium  
My heart's passion there.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When I think of her love  
As a bliss, strength, and glory  
All others above.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
For that love's first romance,  
Which eternal then seemed,  
So deep was the trance.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When I think of the mound  
Where her beauty and youth  
Were laid low in the ground !

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When, alone by that mound,  
I hear spring's early bluebird  
Break the silence around.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When I feel that no more  
Can I love with the love  
Which thrilled me of yore.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
That all glory 's soon gone,  
Like the radiance of clouds  
That steal o'er the sun.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When I think how I roam ;  
Like an exile or outcast, —  
Without friends or home.

There 's a sigh in the heart  
When I look down life's stream,  
And see only dark clouds  
Without hope's rainbow beam. —

There 's a *smile* in the heart  
For that sweet future rest,  
Where the lost shall be found,  
And all shall be blest ; —

Where the years in millenniums  
Forever shall glide ;  
And where Truth, Love, and Glory  
Forever abide !







## THE MISSISSIPPI.



HE Earth was new. Creation smiling rose  
From ancient Chaos, and delighted seemed

To hear her Lord and Author predicate  
That all her goodly frame was perfect made.  
As yet the mountains were but little hills ;  
No river yet meandering sought the sea ;  
The Sea himself was slowly gathering in  
His multitude of waters to his bed, —  
When from his mother-fount emerging came  
The infant MISSISSIPPI. Slowly moved  
His slender stream among the new-born flowers,

As one that feared advance, and seemed  
ashamed

To show his poorness to the light of day.  
Along the plain no gurgling noise he made ;  
But silently he crept, and kissed the stems  
Of those kind flowers that lent him guardian  
shade.

As yet no sunshine drank his treasures up,  
No breeze disturbed his soft tranquillity,  
Till by the tributes of his kindred rills  
He felt his stream swell up, his current grow,  
His strength increase, and all his powers expand.  
No longer now he creeps, the modest brook,  
But, merging into light, he gives his waves  
To revel with the zephyrs, and to sport  
In mutual dalliance with the solar beams.  
The torrent's pride forbids him now to fear ;  
His courage waxing bolder, he disdains  
To turn aside, and shun the craggy height,  
But pours tumultuous down the precipice,

With sullen roarings to the gulf below ;  
And then collecting in the dark abyss  
His chafed waters, white with angry foam,  
Resumes his course, nor heeds what contravenes.  
The ponderous rock, moved from its seated base,  
The half-grown trees, snatched from their native soil,  
Are rolled away by his impetuous stream.  
Now grown a river, in his manly pride  
He moves majestically slow, nor heeds  
The smaller streams that come to swell his train.  
But as he loiters musing on his way,  
Like youthful rover ripe for love, behold !  
There breaks in all her glory on his sight  
A beautiful brunette, the gay MISSOURI.  
Her robust form, her swift and dancing step,  
And hardy air, bespeak the mountaineer.  
A wreath of cotton-wood leaves adorns her head,  
And bow and quiver from her shoulders hang.  
Short is the wooing but intense ; and soon

The yielding maiden joins his manly side,  
And fills the measure of his heart with love.

Now, doubled both his happiness and strength,  
More boldly he resumed his high career ;  
And as he grew in greatness, one by one  
A multitude of mighty rivers came,  
To own their vassalage and reverence due,  
And seek admittance in his princely train ;  
Preferring to an independent course  
To be the subjects of so great a lord,  
And in his favor share. A thousand leagues,  
'Twixt east and west, the distant fountains sent  
Their tributary stores to swell his pride ;  
Whilst each acceded flood in concert joined  
To hail the monarch river *Sire of Streams !*  
What spirit, — be it born of earth or heaven, —  
With such access of strength and wide domain,  
And myriads of perennial parasites,  
Would not have felt its secret soul expand,

And swell to high ambition? Deem not then  
That he — the mighty Mississippi — felt un-  
moved

His princely greatness. Fondly did he dream  
That mother Earth owned him her eldest born,  
And gloried in his growth, and gave him  
power

To be the lord o'er her dominions vast;  
To move forever, and to swallow up  
With his Saturnian jaws her younger brood  
Of mountains, lakes, and e'en his kindred  
streams.

But soon his visions fled; and with their flight  
Came sudden terror and debasing awe.

Athwart his course the great Atlantic lay, —  
The youthful Ocean, glorying in his might.

From east to west, from north to south out-  
spread,

Beyond all vision ran his winding shores.  
Amazed the giant River halts, and looks  
Upon the giant Sea! Instinctive dread

Seized on his wavering soul. His foremost  
waves

Recoil ; and with his greatest force he strives  
To turn his flood of waters, and re-seek  
Through his long course his fountain haunts  
again.

In vain he strives ; for his incumbent stream,  
In which he placed his glory and his pride,  
Now downward drives him with its growing  
weight.

Fate had decreed the sources of his power  
Should be the sources of his ruin too.

Too late he saw his sad mistakes ; ev'n now  
Annihilation gaped to seize its prey.

With fell despair, and all the mad impulse  
Of disappointed greatness once enjoyed,  
He tore his stream into a hundred parts,  
And headlong rushing into Ocean's depths,  
Was lost amid the caverns of the deep ! —  
The wingèd breezes whispered o'er his grave,  
The sullen waves his funeral anthem sung.



## WHAT IS IT TO BE GIFTED?



WHAT is it to be gifted?

To live from earliest years  
A life of mingled joy and pain,  
Of hope and bitter fears.  
To be from sympathy and love  
A being set apart ;  
With none to read thy thoughts aright,  
Or soothe thine aching heart.

What is it to be gifted ?

To tread life's path alone,  
And long for one brave loving heart  
As only genius can.  
To know that such thou ne'er wilt find  
In all the world so wide ;

For God, who gave thee intellect,  
Beauty and grace denied.

What is it to be gifted ?

To long and pine for fame,  
And think to find in that the bliss  
From love thou canst not claim.  
To reach the goal as fade in air  
The joys thou hop'st to find ;  
And feel the bitterness the more,  
Because thou hast a mind.

What is it to be gifted ?

To see beyond thy kind ;  
Their hate and slanders to endure,  
Their persecution blind.  
To feel that in a world thou art  
Which jars upon thy soul ;  
And wish to die, or live apart  
From the harsh, corrupted whole.



What is it to be gifted ?

A something more than this.  
To feel within thy soul the power  
To know ecstatic bliss ;  
That though thy *woes* are greater  
Than woes of common mould,  
Thy *joys*, too, are far purer,  
Dearer a thousand-fold.

What is it to be gifted ?

To lift thy thoughts on high ;  
To feel that thou art nearer God  
Than those who pass thee by.  
And though forlorn, forsaken,  
To look within, and see  
A spark of God's own intellect  
Is given unto thee.

What is it to be gifted ?

To use that gift aright,

And give to those that ne'er will know  
Thy misery, delight.  
To speak in words that echo  
In all the hearts of men,  
And feel thou art a blessing :  
Thou shalt be happy then.





## A DAY ON MOUNT LOOKOUT.

[Written before the War, and hence no allusion to it.]

### I.



STOOD on the brow of the loftiest  
mountain

That o'erlooks the proud realm of  
the bold Cherokee ;

Far beneath me I heard many a swift-gush-  
ing fountain ;

Wide around ran the hills, like a billowy sea.

### II.

All night it had rained, but with fresh dewy  
brightness

The washed face of nature shone cheerful  
and fair ;

While the rack of the storm lay in isles of  
    curled whiteness,  
    Around the far sky, in the purified air.

## III.

Soon the morn grew serene, and the soft,  
    sportive breezes  
    Around me swept rustling through cedar  
    and pine ;  
While afar down the peak, where the evergreen  
    ceases,  
    I saw, like a mirror, the Tennessee shine.

## IV.

Thence I traced it afar with the wild moun-  
    tains playing,  
    And winding in beauty for three scores of  
    miles ;  
Graced with lawns where of yore the wild  
    Indian went straying,  
    But where now the neat farm in prosperity  
    smiles.

V.

And I thought of the time when canoes glided  
lightly,  
Rowed by Indian maids, o'er its waters at  
eve ;  
When the howl of the wolf, bear, and panther  
rang nightly,  
Along the vast cliffs which the bright wa-  
ters lave.

VI.

And my heart saddened deeply, to think that  
forever  
Is banished the tribe that was once happy  
here ;  
That the wild pomp of nature is stripped from  
the river,  
And the shades of the hill-sides lie prostrate  
and sear.

## VII.

Ah! yonder's the gorge in whose silent recesses

Bleach the skulls of the chieftains who dared  
to withstand

Even Jackson himself, in the dread mountain  
passes ;

And died in defense of their dear native  
land !

## VIII.

The forest that blooms has its roots in another

That lies buried beneath it, — forgot in the  
ground ;

And too often does man, on the ruin of his  
brother,

Build up the fair comforts that circle him  
round.

IX.

Now the day is more bright, and I cast my  
rapt eyes on  
A far wider range of this grand mountain  
scene ;  
Over five States extends the blue rim of  
horizon,  
And thousands of peaks rise like hillocks  
within !

X.

But the ocean of sky, in its pure blue, spread  
over  
The stillness and beauty that slumber be-  
low,  
Is grandest of all, while beneath it far hover  
Clouds with violet, gold, ruby, and pearl, in  
their glow.

XI.

The clouds, which so oft, to remind man of  
heaven,  
Float beautiful over the vile, busy world,

Here along the peaks land, by the feeble breeze  
driven,  
And wait for the wind, with their beauties  
unfurled.

## XII.

Some have launched out on high, and a fair  
train comes flying  
From out the horizon's far shadowy tracts ;  
And some in their radiance so near me are  
lying  
That I almost can reach them, or look o'er  
their backs.

## XIII.

How small seems yon village,\* in bright sun-  
light gleaming,  
Yon rider's a speck, and the road a mere  
thread ;

\* Chattanooga.



And that long train of cars which shoots on  
fiercely steaming,  
Seems a string of mere toys scarcely mov-  
ing ahead.

XIV.

In that deep pool of ether the eagles are  
playing,  
How smoothly they sweep in wide circles  
around !  
And at times some dart off, with the bright  
river straying,  
To the wild nuptial cliffs where their eyries  
are found.

XV.

'Tis bare winter now ; neither bud, leaf, nor  
flower  
Lends its beauty to brighten this vast forest  
scene :

But how grand must the sight be, when each  
lawn and bower  
Is robed in June's glory of blossom and  
green.

## XVI.

And, O, could I see it in poetic October,  
When autumn is gorgeous with crimson and  
gold ;  
When winds revel wildly, or still, sad, and  
sober  
Gleams Indian summer, a dream-world un-  
rolled ;—

## XVII.

When the vast sea of foliage, while it is  
dying,  
Sheds the sunsets and rainbows which o'er  
it have glowed ;  
And when wild-geese and pigeons in dark  
clouds are flying  
With summer away, to a southern abode.

XVIII.

Now the day is more calm, and a deep mellow  
splendor,  
As the sun is declining, lights up the far  
west ;  
While opposite rise, much more soft-blue and  
tender,  
As if robed in sky-down, the stern peaks of  
the east.

XIX.

I have watched thundering cataracts, viewed  
the roused Ocean  
When his millions of waves with the dash-  
ing winds warred ;  
I have seen boundless prairies, and felt that  
emotion  
Which glowed in the breast of Manhattan's  
gray bard ;

## XX.

I have seen in proud cities magnificent  
churches,  
Where woman's sweet song like an angel's  
has rung ;  
Heard sermons and organs, hallelujahs and  
dirges,  
And felt the divineness which over all hung ;

## XXI.

But here would I worship, — on this mountain  
altar,  
Which the grateful Earth reared to her boun-  
tiful God ;  
Here would sycophants blush, here would  
hypocrites falter,  
Subdued by the Godhead above and abroad

## XXII.

Here can I forget all my wrongs and my sorrows,  
My world-weary heart of its pinings beguile ;

Forget the grim cares which becloud my to-  
morrow,  
And foretaste the sweet blessings of heaven  
awhile.

XXIII.

All day have I felt a pure, loftier spirit:  
More heavenly we grow as to heaven we  
ascend ;  
Hence mountaineers ever imbibe or inherit  
That greatness of soul which no tyrant can  
bend.

XXIV.

In cities the heart of man cankers and dwindle,  
Subdued by dependence and cramped in its  
view ;  
But feelings of freedom the country enkindles,  
And its beauties and grandeurs the fagged  
mind renew.

## XXV.

Far northward, far southward, the long eastern ranges

Now begin to loom up like a blue bank of clouds ;

While to deep, deeper glory the western sky changes,

And the light clouds approach it in luminous crowds.

## XXVI.

Lo ! the scene's reached its zenith of calmness and splendor,

Inner heaven itself seems to glow through the west !

Earth looks up in meekness, her homage to render,

And winds, woods, and warblers sink to their night's rest.

XXVII.

At her hushed, hallowed vespers blest Nature  
seems kneeling,\*

While before her the temple's religious light  
glows ;

O let me, too, pour out my devotional feeling  
To the God who made all, and all blessings  
bestows !

XXVIII.

And then let me descend ere yon sunset has  
faded,

And the rich purple radiance has vanished  
on high ;

Ere my path down the mountain the dark  
night has shaded,

And the lights of the angels beam bright  
through the sky.

\* Reference to the worship in Catholic cathedrals.

## NOTE.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—Two grand mountain ranges, fifteen or twenty miles apart, come running along, in a rambling manner, from southwest toward northeast. Suddenly a river, the Tennessee, glides in, and seeks to force its way across that of the mountains. The mountains, as if thrown into confusion by this unexpected assailant, scatter out, like broken battalions, into innumerable irregular peaks and short ridges. The river, after making a few long reconnoitring meanders, glides around on the inner or western side of the eastern range, which is called the Missionary Ridge; and it then makes boldly and directly toward the western ridge, which is also the larger one. But this ridge runs up, as if undaunted, in a straight line to the river, pushes the river a little north, and then stops short, rears itself up as if indignant, and lets the river glide around it. This abrupt termination of the mountain, on the lower or southern side of the Tennessee River, is called Mount Lookout; and the continuation of it toward the southwest is called Lookout Mountain. The railroad passes, with some difficulty, between the mountain and the river; and the village of Chattanooga is situated on the river, a few miles above where the river meets the mountain.



Some European landscape-painters have declared the scenery of this section of our country superior to any that can be found among the Alps.

It is perhaps needless to add, that the picturesque country about Chattanooga is the native home of the Cherokees. So deeply were they attached to their country, that it is said they afterwards assassinated all their own chiefs who had ceded it to the United States. And when the present eminent Cherokee chief, John Ross, or other dignitaries of the Cherokee nation, travel through this country, it is said that they are accustomed to linger for days among the beautiful hills and mountains which recall in them the happy memories and music of their youth. Bancroft has given us a beautiful description of the ancient home of the Cherokees ; but as most readers are too lazy to hunt up this description for themselves, I shall take the liberty of transcribing the best part of it : —

“The mountaineers of aboriginal America were the Cherokees, who occupied the upper valley of the Tennessee River, as far west as Muscle Shoals, and the highlands of Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, — the most picturesque and salubrious region east of the Mississippi. Their homes were encircled by blue hills rising beyond hills, of which the lofty peaks would kindle with the early light, and the overshadowing ridges envelop the valleys like a mass of clouds. There the rocky cliffs, ris-

ing in naked grandeur, defy the lightning, and mock the loudest peals of the thunder-storm; there the gentler slopes are covered with magnolias and flowering forest-trees, decorated with roving climbers, and ring with the perpetual note of the whip-poor-will; there the wholesome water gushes profusely from the earth in transparent springs; snow-white cascades glitter on the hillsides; and the rivers, shallow, but pleasant to the eye, rush through the narrow vales, which the abundant strawberry crimsons, and coppices of rhododendron and flaming azalea adorn. At the fall of the leaf, the fruit of the hickory and the chestnut is thickly strown on the ground. The fertile soil teems with luxuriant herbage, on which the roebuck fattens; the vivifying breeze is laden with fragrance; and daybreak is ever welcomed by the shrill cries of the social night-hawk and the liquid carols of the mocking-bird. Through this lovely region were scattered the little villages of the Cherokees, nearly fifty in number, each consisting of but a few cabins, erected where the bend in the mountain-stream offered at once a defence, and a strip of alluvial soil for culture. Their towns were always by the side of some creek or river, and they loved their native land; above all, they loved its rivers,—the Keowee, the Tugeloo, the Flint, and the beautiful branches of the Tennessee. Running waters, inviting to the bath, tempting the an-

gler, alluring wild-fowl, were necessary to their paradise. . . . The 'beloved' people of the Cherokees were a people by themselves. Who can say for how many centuries, safe in their undiscovered fastnesses, they had decked their war-chiefs with the feathers of the eagle's tail, and listened to the counsels of their 'old beloved men'? Who can tell how often the waves of barbarous migrations may have broken harmlessly against their cliffs, where nature was the strong ally of the defenders of their native land?" — *Bancroft's History of the United States, Vol. III.*

Since the War has swept over this romantic country, a wealthy merchant of New York city, Mr. Roberts, with that benevolent and munificent liberality which is characteristic of New York and Boston merchants, has undertaken to found a university on Mount Lookout. Already has he expended more than two hundred thousand dollars for grounds and buildings; and there is every prospect that he will be eminently successful. Surely that ground deserves to become classic which was first produced by the mightiest war of elements, which then became the arena for the battles of men, and which is sanctified and inspired by the blood of heroes and patriots!



TO FLORA.

**B**ESIDE my window, oft, at closing  
day,  
I watch the evening glories fade  
away ;

And, as they vanish, to my mind they bring,  
All sweetly sad, life's unreturning spring.  
I feel that pleasures with our youth decay,  
Just as the flowers pass with spring away ;  
Love's clasping tendrils, torn from year to  
year,  
Sad Memory views, and almost prompts a  
tear ;  
Few earthly hopes to full fruition grow, —

They drop, like blossoms, blighted while they  
blow.

But there is naught that I so much deplore  
As friends of youth whom I may see no more.  
Than friendship earth affords no purer bliss ;  
True love itself but angel friendship is.

'T is friendship, too, that forms for you a lay,  
To wake remembrance when I 'm far away ;  
Yet frown not, if I 've shunned, with fustian  
phrase

To twine your charms into a wreath of praise.  
I wish you blessed in hopes, of soul serene,  
Your life a path through many a happy scene ;  
And that your charms be such as will bloom  
on,

When "rosy cheeks" and "sparkling eyes"  
are gone.

Truth, sense, and goodness ever please and  
last ;

While the short reign of beauty soon is past.



## WANT OF MONEY.



Y morning of life wore a brilliant  
dye,  
Enamelled with tints of glory  
and hope ;

And forward I went to win and enjoy,

With a will that might well with hardships  
cope ;

And manfully ever I strove to proceed, —

But for want of money I never could speed !

The realms of learning uprose to view,

And like fairy realms of heaven they seemed ;

My love of knowledge to a passion grew,

And often of future greatness I dreamed ;—

But of time and books I stood ever in need,

And for want of money I never could speed !

There was a bright maiden neighboring near,  
As fair as the rose, and as meek as the dove ;  
And my tender pleadings oft went to her ear,  
For I loved her with a heavenly love ; —  
But my heart was cruelly left to bleed,  
Since for want of money I could not speed !

I went to parties, balls, and fairs,  
And in politics, too, I took a part ;  
I tried to bear me as a gentleman bears,  
But came ever away with an aching heart ; —  
For but few to the poor man give love or heed,  
And for want of money he nowhere can speed !

I bought me a farm on a spacious hill,  
By a beautiful winding river bound ;  
And there I hoped for happiness still,  
With a wife and lovely children round ;  
And I struggled as one in utmost need, —  
But for want of money I could not speed !

An author's fortune I next essayed,  
    With invincible zeal and unflinching toil ;  
And oft I retired with an aching head,  
    From the death-watching flame of the mid-  
        night oil ; —  
But it seemed by the very fates decreed,  
That for want of money I never should speed !

At last I tried my fortune abroad,  
    In the promising business of other climes ;  
And often I prayed for the blessing of God,  
    And in bad hoped meekly for better times ; —  
But with all my efforts to thrive and succeed,  
For the want of money I never could speed !

The various world I have travelled o'er, —  
    From west to east, from south to north ;  
And I've aimed to look at all things to the core ;  
    Yet through all the gilded misery of earth,  
I've seen but this spectre truth indeed, —  
That if money we have not, we nowhere can  
        speed !





## ODE TO DEBT.



THOU hell-sent epidemic sprite,  
That wak'st me ere the morning's  
light,

And mar'st my rest ;

How many a gloomy face I meet

At early morn, upon the street,

By thee possessed !

Thou too art fair down to the waist,

And more than mermaid lures thou hast

For greedy hearts ;

But then "voluminous and vast,"

And foul and hideous, end at last

Thy nether parts.

Some call thee woman-born, and say,  
Far as the eagle holds his sway  
    The dames — so *dear*,  
Ever to waste and show inclined,  
In silks and crinoline combined  
    To bring thee here.

No doubt in good times found perchance  
The wanton nymph Extravagance  
    Some miser's cell ;  
And yielding there to bitter need,  
She rashly did the rueful deed  
    I need not tell.

And thou wast born,— the child of shame !  
Accurs'd forever be thy name,  
    On earth, in heaven !  
But may'st thou to the rich who lend,  
And thereby miss the needle's end,  
    In hell be given.

And legislators, corporators,  
Government thieves, and speculators,  
    United then,  
To make thee strong in life and thrift ;—  
So they but flourish, let others shift  
    As best they can.

Hard money-lenders everywhere,  
And harder renters more severe,  
    Uphold thy thrall ; -  
Till huge per cents and huger rents  
Almost from homes and tenements  
    Will drive us all.

The laboring man who toils each day,  
Can scarcely thy extortions pay  
    With all he gets ;  
The wife and husband oft apart  
Consult and plan with aching heart,  
    To shun thy threats.

The naked room, the pantry scant,  
And ragged children's tears of want,  
Thy grip proclaim ;  
The evening fireside where is heard  
No ringing laugh or cheerful word,  
Declares the same.

Ah ! many a long-loved heirloom 's gone  
To heartless auction-shop or pawn,  
To glut thy maw ;  
The sheriff is thy slave and priest,  
And lawyers all thy realms infest  
With buzzard crow.

Bright urchin down the street has strayed,  
Where Christmas has his wealth arrayed  
For sport and spree ;  
But, oh ! why thus the treasures eye ?  
Dear mother can't afford to buy,  
Remembering thee.

No greeting groups from door to door  
Shall revel in the outspread store  
    Of ale and cake ;  
No lively tune, no sprightly dance,  
No virgin's witching smile and glance,  
    Shall heart awake.

Nor has your poet better fare, —  
His credit's gone, his purse is bare,  
    No "prospect's" near ;  
But all his Christmas must be spent  
Without a solitary cent  
    For need or cheer !

The Muse, too, whose love ever blessed  
His heart howe'er by sorrows pressed,  
    Grows shy and tart ;  
For many a one has felt ere now,  
That often Poverty and thou  
    Break love and heart.

Yet may he ne'er to troubles yield,  
Nor cower on life's embattled field,  
But bear and dare ;  
And may each heart by thee distressed,  
More buoyant grow the more 't is pressed,  
And bravely bear.

May all thy victims soon be taught  
To shun dependence' bitter lot,  
And trust life's span  
To lion's mouth, hyena's maw,  
Night-witches' haunt, or Devil's claw,  
But not to man !

May Plenty, like a Saviour, come,  
And all the oracles be dumb  
That show thy reign ;  
May all the virtues banish thee,  
That heart and home ne'er haunted be  
By thee again.

Alas ! my countrymen, I feel  
Your fate is worse than fire or steel,  
    If you owe gold ;  
For little of liberty has he,  
Though in a land called proudly free,  
    Whom Shylocks hold.

His sweat they reap, and rate him low,  
His lot the talk of every foe, —  
    Enslaved, debased ;  
His days in clouds of care are wrapped,  
His spirit's cowed, his manhood sapped,  
    His life a waste.

Indeed it oft has seemed to me,  
That but the rich on earth are free,  
    And have their ease ;  
Their life is all one holiday,  
To go or come, to work or play,  
    Do as they please ;

And what they want their wealth will buy, —  
But then the Devil keeps one eye  
    Upon them ever ;  
So that the most in pleasures swim  
Awhile, but cross at last with him  
    The Stygian river.

Pride, ennui, sickness, foiled ambition,  
Infest, like harpies, their condition,  
    And fearful cares ;  
And oft the pile of guilty gold  
The Furies as in vengeance hold,  
    Against the heirs.

Then grant me, good, great Providence !  
Ere life is sere, a comp<sup>e</sup>tence  
    Between extremes ;  
But let it nowhere be a gain  
That bears dishonor's slightest stain,  
    To haunt my dreams.

ST. LOUIS, MO., 1857.





TO FLORA.



LOVE to scan the ponderous tome  
Of science and philosophy ;  
To understand our earthly home,  
How wise and good the Deity.

I love to muse, at silent night,  
On all the great have left behind ;  
The flowering fields of fancy bright,  
The architecture of the mind.

I love to muse on thoughts that came  
From lips two thousand years ago ;  
The poet's line of kindling flame,  
The orator's impetuous flow.

I love to dwell on history's page,  
With emulation thence supplied,  
To think of those, in every age,  
Who nobly lived or glorious died.

I love to gaze from lofty heights,  
Where Nature's myriad charms appear ;  
To me she ever gives delights,  
Through all the seasons of the year.

When winds harass the bowery vale,  
And storms in fury onward dash,  
I inly wish a stronger gale,  
A louder peal, and brighter flash.

I love to spend a social eve  
With those I love, and who love me ;  
For love and friendship can relieve  
When life flows dull and heavily.

Life's former scenes I love to view,  
Where many happy days I've spent,  
And many objects still renew  
The joys which then unheeded went.

I love the church where beauty beams,  
And tender vocal music flows ;  
I love the lyre when fancy teems,  
And when the heart enraptured glows.

But more than all I love to go  
And sit beside thee, Flora dear ;  
For thou art all I prize below,  
The source of all my hope and fear.

And in thy words that gently flow  
I love to search for love to me,  
As miners watch the golden glow  
In sands beside the western sea.

Upon thy face I love to gaze, —  
That countenance so wise and sweet,  
Where mind and heart, in mingling maze,  
Like interflowing waters meet.

No more with cold and cunning art  
Prolong my doubt and agony ;  
At once receive my glowing heart,  
Or set your sighing captive free.





TO FLORA.



HERE is, dear Flora, in my bosom's  
core

A small sweet voice that ever tells  
of thee,—

A plaintive music like the melody  
That in the shell yearns for its native shore.  
I think of thee in morning's joyous hour ;  
I think of thee amid the noonday crowd ;  
I think of thee when sunset gilds the bower,  
And leaves its farewell on the evening cloud.  
My future life is all, all filled with thee ;  
There is no joy for me where thou art not ;  
With thee this world all heavenly still would be,  
With thee all cares and sorrows soon forgot.  
No outward charms my being thus control, —  
I love the ambrosial flavor of thy soul.



TO FLORA.



THE sweet, the dreamy rapture,  
When the soul is love-inflamed ;  
Sweet to live as beauty's capture,  
But how hard to be disclaimed !

Rosy, lively, lovely maiden,  
Take, O take this heart to thine ;  
Life indeed would be an Eden,  
Could I only call thee mine.

Reign the queen of my affections,  
Love's bewitching sceptre wield ;  
Reign till, torn from all connections,  
I to kindred dust must yield.

Soothing is the eve when fading,  
Joyous is the morning's glow,  
Dear the breeze, when gently spreading  
Coolness o'er the heated brow ;

But a sweeter pensive feeling  
Wanders through my yearning heart,  
When my thoughts to you are stealing,  
When your smiles fresh hopes impart.





K A T E.

IN THE SPIRIT OF ANACREON.

**L**ET Homer prate of mice and giants,  
How Atlas holds this sinful ball ;  
Let lawyers dream of fees and  
clients, —

I would n't give my Kate for all.

Let doctors cure the sick forever ;

Let sluggards grumble at dull times ;

Let politicians strive and waver, —

There's naught like Kate and making rhymes.



Let statesmen make their windy speeches,  
And temperance lecturers croak and bawl ;  
From bad to worse the preacher preaches, —  
More eloquence in Kate than all.

Let some to California scramble,  
For gold risk dangers great and small ;  
Let others speculate or gamble, —  
I would n't leave my Kate for all.

Dear Kate, and some fair rural mansion  
Where every comfort you can see,  
With books to give the soul expansion,  
Will be enough of world for me.





AN AUTUMN SUNSET ON THE MOREAU.\*

**E**VENING draws her amber veil  
Lovely o'er the western sky ;  
Lingering clouds in beauty sail,  
Ere the night withdraws their dye.

Red'ning sunbeams slow recede  
Up yon hill's tall-timbered crest ;  
Flocks of wavelets glimmering speed  
O'er the river's gentle breast.

Searching breezes wander now,  
Evening's coolness to impart ;

\* The Moreau is a large creek, or small river, in Cole County, Missouri.

Softly fanning every brow,  
Gently soothing every heart.

And the sad'ning autumn leaf  
Falls like winter's noiseless flakes ;  
Emblem of our life so brief, —  
O, the memories which it wakes !

On yon hill its sun-dyed wealth  
Shows the orchard, foliage-shorn ;  
And the squirrel skips by stealth  
From the field of bending corn.

High, in long triangle, fly  
Wild-geese to a sunnier spot ;  
And their plaintive, journeying cry  
Seems to wail their homeless lot.

Now the sun-glow leaves the hill,  
Stillness rests on every thing ;

But the shrill-voiced whip-poor-will  
Soon shall make the valleys ring.

Here and there his last fond hymn  
Every warbler sends to heaven ;  
And as earth is growing dim,  
Star by star the dome of night  
Blossoms out in twinkling white.





## SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.

**S**OME years ago, I well remember,  
Became this nation all astir ;  
For there appeared, about December,  
Strange spirits rapping everywhere.

They rapped beneath the social table,  
When some true medium called them thence,  
And sometimes, it is said, were able  
To make the furniture all dance !

At dead of night the lone house-keeper  
Did hear them like a death-watch pat !  
And o'er the bed-quilt of the sleeper  
They ran like any mouse or rat !

Right freely they communicated

What all the world already knew,

But ne'er a single secret stated

About the world from which they flew.

Yet awful soon grew the sensation,—

Some folks went crazy, some sold out ;

Thinking that to this wicked nation

Had come the Judgment Day, no doubt !

And some went preaching o'er the country,

Oft telling how they came possessed ;

But sense nor news, by smartest gentry,

In all their ranting could be guessed.

Even I, a somewhat hard-sense heathen,

These spiritual wonders went to see ;

And watched, to plant my honest faith in,

Yet saw not what was told to me.

But long this world, in my opinion,  
Will yet together hold, though frail ;  
And simply from Hell's hot dominion  
Some batch of fiends had broken jail ;

Who then, like others emigrating,  
Came straight to Uncle Sam's domain ;  
'Midst million worlds, well calculating,  
They here unfound might long remain.

And swift they grasped, with meddling humor,  
The screws that run our whole machine ;  
Striving to show us that they knew more  
Than we who always here had been.

But soon the Gospel doctrine snuffing,  
Which Christ had on this planet sown,  
And which no devil, still or moving,  
Can smell, nor straightway seek to shun, —

They all in their rebuked conditions,  
    Since here of hogs were not enough,  
Fled straight into the politicians,  
    As next to hogs the vilest stuff!

Now greater than the world saw ever  
    A horrid civil war shall come ;  
And they shall strive this realm to sever,  
    Or spread the sins they 've nursed at home.

With treason, perjury, rapine, murder,  
    But most with shameless, monstrous lies,  
They 'll strive to break up peace and order,  
    And in their hellish schemes to rise.

Destruction, like a fierce tornado,  
    Shall sweep with gloom and thunder flash ;  
And life, wealth, power, hope, bravado,  
    To Chaos and the Grave shall dash !



Then fiendish hate, through grim starvation,—  
O blackest crime that history knows! —  
The captured myriads of the nation  
Shall give to death, or maniac woes!

But soon our good Almighty Father  
Shall drive from earth with scorpion whips,  
And back to Hell these fiends regather,  
As shown in the Apocalypse.

Then law and justice, truth and science,  
Shall bloom like flowers after rain ;  
And this great land shall bid defiance  
To tyranny's and corruption's train.





## THE WHITE ROSE OF ALABAMA.



HAT a beautiful maiden ! so tall  
and so straight,  
And how easy, majestic, and  
graceful her gait ;

And so finely-proportioned and round is her  
form,

You can scarce keep your distance, or govern  
your arm.

But her face, — O beware, of its witchery be-  
ware !

See it once, and your hankering forever is  
there :

By day and by night it will kindle your mind,  
And content you 'll ne'er be with any other  
you find.

So classic the features, so delicate yet bold,  
With complexion the daintiest that ivory can  
hold ;  
And to show the heart's feelings, so finely  
combined,  
You might gaze a whole day, and no fault  
could you find.

Her large, hazel eyes roll so liquid and bright,  
And glow in their depths full of love and  
delight ;  
And her smile-dimpled cheeks, with silk hair-  
lets o'ergrown,  
Are such as Adonis would lay to his own.

Her nose, like an ornament, centres her face ;

Her finely turned chin speaks decision and  
grace ;

And her full, rosy lips most expressively play  
O'er a sound set of teeth, even fairer than they.

Round her smooth, ample brow, more attractive  
than pearls,

Round her smooth, snowy neck, shakes a  
wealth of dark curls ;

And fresh buds of magnolia, myrtle, and rose,  
Most gracefully set, in her tresses repose.

Sweet emblems, that tell of her beauty and  
prime ;

Sweet emblems, that tell of her bright sunny  
clime ;

Of a land where the daughters are virtuous  
and fair,

And the sons guard their rights with a chivalrous  
care.

Her chest, broad and full, is of lily-white glow,  
And surpasses, in form, all that marble can  
show ;

While that plump, taper hand, and that neat,  
well-set foot,

Show Nature's prize-work by the finish she  
put.

Not beauties voluptuous alone can she boast ;  
In beauties of soul she is also a toast :  
Like Minerva she talks, like a siren she sings,  
And the melody of goodness in her voice ever  
rings.

The guitar can she touch with perfection of  
skill,

From piano can draw any music at will ;  
And in song and in dance so divine she  
appears

That a saint might forget both his Bible and  
years.

In all that she does, and in all that she says,  
No fault can be found with her meanings and  
ways ;

True, artless, and meek, like some heavenly  
child,

No graces of hers are by vanity spoiled.

In the pure fields of learning herself has she  
bred

With all that is noble in all she has read ;  
And she knows well and loves the domestics\*  
of life, —

A dowry that now seldom comes with a wife.

Not a pert, frisky flirt, not a vain, shallow fool,  
Not a steam-ripened crab, turned out, spoiled,  
from a school,

Not a rickety toy, nor a butterfly wrecked,  
But a woman substantial, with angel bedecked.

\* Cooking, sewing, washing, etc.

Her fame has spread far as the fame of some  
    queen,  
So that daily come suitors the maiden to win ;  
But she manages all with discretion so nice,  
That his fate none can guess till he throws  
    his last dice.\*

There come Yanceys and Rutledges, Pinkneys  
    and Haynes,  
McDonalds and Douglasses, Simses and Lanes,  
Fitzpatricks and Harrises, Campbells and Clays,  
Montgomeries, Youngs, Hamiltons, Randolphs,  
    and Mays.

Some buggy and horse oft is seen at the gate,  
And proud pawing steeds at the rack† often  
    wait,

\* This is said to be the very pink of etiquette among our first-class ladies ; but it is not in the spirit of Christianity, and therefore not approved by the writer.

† *Rack* ; a sort of frame, in the Southern States, erected before gates for hitching horses to it.

While the master, forgetful, is dallying within,  
In the maiden's neat parlor, the maiden to win.

The sons of rich planters and great men of  
state,

And those who most highly their ancestry rate,  
Oft come dashing "to see her," and long do  
they stay,

But are all nipt at last by a heart-killing nay !

Though her father for her has no plentiful  
hoard,

Though she might from ten scores choose her  
partner and lord,

Yet she 'd rather be wed to a poor man of  
worth,

Than to any rich blockhead that struts upon  
earth.

There dwells in her village an humble young  
man,

Whom Nature's endowed as no art ever can ;



A gentleman wholly, a hero in heart,  
Who an orphan and poor, in the world took  
his start.

With but little of favor himself has he taught,  
Till he knows more than riches for others  
have bought ;

And a flourishing school now his virtues re-  
wards,

And for reading and thinking still leisure  
affords.

To win what 's worth winning, he has the high  
will ;

And his way would he cut, though through  
granite and steel.

To him our rare maiden has plighted her all,  
And him will she wed in the beauty of fall.

In wealth and esteem he shall rapidly grow ;  
His State shall he rule, and to Congress shall  
go :

For his life's future field in the best of lands  
lies, —

Where the worthless must sink, and the worthy  
must rise!

In comfort and bliss shall their future years  
flow;

While a beautiful offspring around them shall  
grow,

Whose sallies of youth, and whose promise of  
worth,

Shall cheer their decline, and their exit from  
earth.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA, 1859.





## THE TWO TREES.



HERE is a tree whose branches  
reach the sky,  
And into all the earth its mighty  
roots.

It is the *Tree of Fame*; and many an eye  
Looks longing on its various golden fruits,  
And foliage evergreen. Toil, pain, and death,  
And seas of blood, and rivulets of tears,  
And breezes made of sighs and panting breath,  
Have nurtured it through all the storied  
years.

Birds of ambition fly in envious strife  
Among its boughs, to build their nests  
secure ;  
Yet few can reach its deathless crown of life,  
In which their shielded eyries may endure :

While the sparsefruit, that most enchants the eye  
Begets more strife, yet fails to satisfy.

But there 's another tree, — the *Tree of Life*,  
Planted by Jesus on this stormy earth ;  
Which yet grows hardier from all spiteful strife,  
And ever-widening spreads its branches  
forth.

It bears the true ambrosia of the skies, —  
The fruit that feeds, and heals, and gives  
delight.

All nations that it shelters, live and rise,  
And learn the knowledge of the good and right.  
The earth it overspreads, and tops in heaven ;  
Though in both worlds by angels nursed  
and guarded.

Its fruits alike to poor and rich are given,  
And plenteous, without strife, to all awarded ;  
And they who feast upon the spiritual flavor,  
Gain life and bliss, without alloy, forever.



## GLASGOW.

**F**AIR Glasgow! on thy hilly site  
Uplifted far into the sky,  
And leaning gently to the sun,  
I greet thee with a smile and sigh.

For many a year has vanished since  
Young in thy wreath of life I bloomed ;  
And who can tell what change since then,  
Or what dear friends have been entombed ?

The same bright skies still o'er thee bend ;  
The same grand forest greets the morn ;  
The same green hills around thee rise,  
With tinkling flocks and tasseled corn.

And past thy feet, in silent flow,  
Missouri's sheeted waters glide ;  
Then sunward stretch, to seek the sky,  
A glassy, broad, and shimmering tide.

And as the steamer, driving near,  
Parts this fresh tide in rustling swells,  
A lovelier lustre o'er thee steals,  
And sad I hear thy Sabbath bells.

The liquid peals come faint but clear,  
Like echoes of immortal mind,  
And sweet as if from Heaven they rang  
Where angels are in worship joined.

O youthful memories ! bliss-impearled,  
One glimpse into your paradise !  
That in the world-encrusted heart  
Yet in the core of being lies.

Can I forget those blissful scenes, —  
The tidy, friendly gatherings there, —  
The maiden in her angel bloom, —  
The music sweet, — the hallowed prayer ?

Blest village, in thy ruggedness  
Thou bloom'st like Scotia's thistle-bud,  
Beside a stream which by thee flows  
Like Time's own deep and silent flood.

And beauteous, like a foliage sea,  
Yon forest spreads in waves of green,  
While as in dream Duration sleeps  
Round the horizon's dusky scene.

Thy homes with shade commingled gleam,  
As flowers with leaves blend in bouquet ;  
And through thy hum rings sweet and clear  
The song of wild-bird far away.

Gay, fragrant flowers and flowering vines  
From garden and from trellis gleam ;  
And fruited trees, and aspens light,  
Wave twinkling in the sun's bright beam.

Here love and virtue sweetly dwell,  
And lives in peace and comfort glide ;  
Far better than in crowded marts,  
Where noise, vice, care, and want abide.

There avarice, strife, and glittering pride  
Inflame and undermine the soul ;  
Here luxuries remain unknown,  
Or meek contentment holds control.

No jealous strife, no rankling care,  
No mean dependence on the great,  
Here sour the little sweet of life,  
Or stain the heart with shame and hate.



For wealth and fame, men rove and toil,  
Risk sea and storm, or delve the mine ;  
But bliss on earth is surest found  
In spots like thee, and homes like thine.

Dear village ! may'st thou ever be  
As pure, as fair, as blest as now ;  
And may some future poet weave  
A worthier garland for thy brow.

GLASGOW, MISSOURI, 1864.





## THE SECESSION OF VIRGINIA.

"Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day," etc.

CAMPBELL.

**V**IRGINIA! Virginia! oh! what hast  
thou done?  
Thy deed, worse than Cain's, reeks  
up foul to the sun!

Thou hast drawn the keystone from the temple  
of peace,  
And the bolt giving War's bloody dragons  
release!

O think of the warnings and glorious toil  
Of the nation's great fathers who sleep in thy  
soil;

And let not rise from thee treason's worst  
thunder-cloud,  
O'er that Union of which we have all been so  
proud.

Why seek in thy frenzy and rashness to break  
Earth's best government? Why the tenets  
forsake

Which thy statesmen proclaimed 'gainst the  
world's tyrant horde,  
And thy heroes established by fire and sword?

Canst thou quit thy high sphere, blot thine  
ancient renown,

To be champion and slave to a small rebel  
town ;\*

Led beguiled from the high path of duty aside,  
By its fools that are bursting with madness  
and pride?

\* Charleston, S. C.

Why against us set death on thy borders and  
heights,

And contend, like a rowdy, for honor and  
rights ?

Why be ruled by the slanders and lies spread  
with gold,

By the traitors who would their ambition up-  
hold ?

Beware of the "lions" that come from the  
South,\*

Mark their terrible reign, and the fangs of  
their mouth !

Beware of crowned wolves in sheep's clothing  
arrayed,

And the serpents that lurk under flower and  
shade !

\* A poem, written in South Carolina about the beginning of the War, represents that mighty little State as the "*nutrix leonum*" !

Can a tyrant be worse than the braggart who  
comes  
To rule armed on thy soil, vote thee out of  
thy homes,\*  
Eat thy substance away, stop thy travel and  
speech,  
And spread war's desolation from mountain to  
beach ?

Dear mother of States ! thee we ever have held  
First in love and in honor, — our anchor and  
shield ;  
Beware, ere that star-spangled banner is riven,  
Of that deep Northern hive, and the ven-  
geance of Heaven !

\* Immediately after the firing upon Fort Sumter, and before Virginia had seceded, the rebel soldiery of South Carolina poured into that State, took possession of the railroads, the press, and the ballot-box, and helped to vote the State out of the Union. Verily, a most delectable exemplification of their States-Rights' doctrine !

O, beautiful now are thy valleys and hills,  
 And the farmer his homestead in happiness  
       tills ;

Unbroken are now all thy sweet ties of love,  
 While blessings descend like the sanctified dove.

But war's dreadful avalanche o'er thee shall  
       pour,

And thy sweet social life shall be marred ever-  
       more ;

The wild-bird again in a desert shall sing,  
 As in ages gone by when Powhattan was king.\*

O'er thy beautiful fields, from Blue Ridge to  
       the shore,

Shall the bright sabres flash, and the dread  
       cannons roar ;

\* *Powhattan*, by poetic license for *Powhatan*, and in the analogy of *Manhattan*. *Powhattan* has sometimes been used, and it is more in unison with the music of the English tongue. Besides, many Indian names have been quite as severely anglicized ; as, *Niagara* for *Oniagarah*, *Kentucky* for *Kentuck*.

Thy streets shall be shrouded in silence and  
gloom,

Uprooted thy households, or still as the tomb :

Save where shall be heard woman's heart-  
piercing wail

For her lover and kin stretched on mountain  
and vale ;

Where no hand scares at night wolf and wild-  
cat away,

Nor shields from the sun, fly, and vulture by day !

Shall Columbia, the refuge and pride of the  
world, '

Lose her bright star of hope, and to ruin be  
hurled ;

While all nations, despairing, in anguish look on,  
And the slave's festering chain wakes a still  
deeper moan ?

Nay, the conquests of ages can never grow less ;  
The right and the good must forever progress ;

And that star-spangled banner triumphant  
shall wave,  
Till creation itself is a chaos and grave !

Then Virginia ! Virginia ! from frenzy awake :  
'T is the highest of honor the wrong to forsake ;  
And the national life-blood shall yet flow  
through thee,  
Torn, vanquished, yet noble, repentant, and  
*free !*

WASHINGTON CITY, 1861.







## NATIONAL HYMN.

**L**AND for which our patriot sires  
Freemen's rights and glory won,  
Land whose freedom's light inspires  
Every land beneath the sun ;  
May no hand thy ties e'er sever,  
May thy life endure forever.

Land whose wealth of vales and mountains,  
And of prairies wide unfurled,  
Bays and lakes and streams and fountains,  
Reaches half-way round the world ;  
May no hand thy bounds e'er sever,  
May thy reign be one forever.

Land where labor, art, and science  
Find the noblest field on earth,  
Land where genius bids defiance  
To the ills of want and birth ;  
May God through thee all lands favor,  
May thy freedom spread forever.

Land where thousand, thousand blessings  
Spring from climate, soil, and law, —  
Land whose wonderful progressings  
From the world most heaven draw ;  
May thy hopes be sullied never,  
May thy greatness grow forever.

God thy architects inspired, —  
May he ne'er his love withdraw, —  
May false gods be ne'er desired,  
May we ever keep his law ;  
That no foe or traitor ever  
Can our glory mar forever.

While enskied and sainted, o'er us,  
Looks our glorious Washington,  
May we love the land that bore us,  
Nor forget what he has done ;  
That sin and discord rend us never,  
But love and virtue bind forever.

1861.





## THE RALLY.

**E** stalwart legions of the North,  
From every hill and valley,  
Pour, like your own Niagara, forth,  
And to the danger rally !

Round Freedom's home and temple fair  
The storm of treason gathers,  
To lay in desolation there  
The glory of our fathers !

Ye lordly farmers of the West,  
Of matchless heart and sinew,  
Let not your land rebellion blast,  
Nor Southern sirens win you. \*

\* At the outbreak of the War, the Southern States made a strenuous effort to induce the Western States to join them.

Ye steel-nerved men whose gardens reach  
The ocean's waves sonorous,  
Come forth from every peak and beach,  
To turn the tide before us.

Ye generous sons of every land,  
Who love progressive goodness,  
To Freedom's cause give heart and hand,  
'Gainst tyrant might and shrewdness.

Say, shall that lawless Charleston mob  
Cart-tail Columbia's banner ? \*

Her soldiers kill, her treasures rob,  
In every shameful manner ?

\* According to newspaper reports, the rabble of Charleston, S. C., shortly after the fall of Fort Sumter, attached the United States' flag to the tail of a common dray, and dragged it in procession about the streets of the city, with jeers and hisses !

Her cities burn, assault her forts,  
Defy her legislation ?  
Her highways mar, destroy her ports,  
And board her navigation ?

Shall traitors and marauders still  
Teach discord and division ?  
Our farmers rob, our patriots kill,  
To glut their own ambition ?

And shall our realm, divinely framed,  
The wisdom of all ages,  
Be with the world's chimeras named,  
A dread on history's pages ?

No ! Fling that flag to gale and beam,  
Its glorious airs play under ;  
And swords shall flash, and bayonets gleam,  
And volleying cannons thunder !

Our patriot bands the land shall purge  
From treason's tribulation ;  
And Columbia shall again emerge  
A great, eternal nation !

WASHINGTON CITY, 1861.





## THE MONROE DOCTRINE.\*

**D**ORBEAR, ye meddling despots of  
the East,  
To touch this land with your pol-  
luting hands !

From tropic regions, to each polar waste,  
The future home of Liberty it stands.  
Your cankered systems cannot here take root,  
That dwarf the masses and debauch the soul ;  
But from this land our sun its light shall shoot  
Through your dark kingdoms, and subvert  
the whole !

1861.

\* The foregoing lines, as the date shows, were written long ago, and the writer still believes that they are sound in doctrine ; *but he does not approve the barbarous execution of Maximilian !*





BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT AND  
PRAYER.

[National Fast-Day, September 26, 1861.]

**G**REAT God! who rul'st omnipotent  
and just,  
To thee I humbly pray, in thee I  
trust,  
To save my people from their traitor host.

Thy hand led brave Columbus o'er the sea,  
To find a world for empires just and free,  
And gave the best in clime and soil to me.

Like some primeval Eden bloomed the wild ;  
No despot's sway the virgin soil defiled ;  
And Hope and Freedom o'er the prospect  
smiled.

From every land the wretched exile came,  
Escaped from tyrant's chain and bigot's flame,  
To build up here his family and fame.

From Europe's jungled \* aristocracy,  
The joyful emigrants for liberty,  
Like birds thronged west — their better home  
to be.

And many a log-built cabin soon appeared,  
And many a bold arm the rich woodlands  
cleared,  
And love and plenty many a home soon cheered.

Freed from the rage of tyranny and sect,  
Here crippled manhood grew again erect,  
And even serfs regained their self-respect.

From forests, prairies, lakes, and rivers came  
Continual joys of scenery, crops, and game,  
And the glad settler blessed Thy holy name.

\* Allusion to the Asiatic tiger haunts.

On lake and stream, like fruit along a vine,  
And on each nook of ocean's land-kissed line,  
Soon cities sprung, with many a spire to shine.

Art, Genius, Labor, elsewhere long oppressed,  
Came here to find of all their homes the best,  
And build their grandest empire in the West ;

And Patriotism that from tyrants fled,  
Laborious Poverty that starved for bread,  
And Truth and Conscience that for justice bled.

But soon the bloody Revolution rose,  
When long and fierce strove royal-minded foes  
Here to implant their code of iron laws.

Hard was the struggle with my British kin ;  
But while around raged war with storming din,  
All needful bonds and love grew strong within.

With guardian love, Thou, too, didst interpose ;  
Thy spirit filled the leaders whom I chose,  
Gave strength to bear, deliverance, and repose.

O, ever when stern battle I must try,  
Be such my cause that Thou mayst be ally,  
And victory rise an incense to the sky !

When the long strife was o'er, and, sternly tried,  
I stood like Sinai's suplicants purified,  
Thou gav'st the Constitution for my guide.

Now the new order of the world began,  
Or realms harmonious with Creation's plan,  
And nearer to Thee rose benighted man.

Thy blessings countless filled my happy land,  
And in one century it grew more grand  
Than others that now twenty centuries stand.

But man, vain man, can pampering never bear ;  
He slights the good that has of ill no share,  
And but in misery sees what blessings were.

The Arts and Virtues scarce have gained a home,  
And with their magic set it all in bloom,  
When Sin, Hate, Avarice, and Ambition come !

Then soon the good is checkered through with  
                  woe ;  
And best of things rot even while they grow,  
Or nurse within their death and overthrow.

Most that men prize, is gained by blood or pain ;  
Truth is a flower reared on virtue slain,  
And oft can spring but from the battle-plain.

The grades of pride, which grow by thrift and  
                  peace,  
So irritating oft below them press,  
That but the sword can level and release.

Man is by nature tyrannous inclined,  
And wants but chance to prey upon his kind,  
When soon from lusts he grows to justice blind.

The Good on earth is but a chrysalis,  
That grows and sheds through all the centuries,  
And war must break the shell for happier peace.

But grant, O God ! that like the changeless sea  
In its duration may this Union be,  
And by its storms regain its purity.

No foreign foe could now enslave my soil ;  
The seasons lovely come, and plenteous smile ;  
And all seems good, and man alone seems vile.

For discord, like a plague, now broods o'er all ;  
Its frightful works the stoutest hearts appall,  
And threat my realm with an untimely fall.

Those whom my bounty gave their power and  
bread,

With my own weapons seek my blood to shed,  
And heap base slanders on my guiltless head.

An imbecile and coward, if not knave,\*  
The people to me for my leader gave,  
Whose minions well-nigh brought me to my  
grave.

They robbed my household, and my trust be-  
trayed ;  
Themselves turned traitors, and to traitors made  
All they could bribe, or with their lies persuade.

As midnight robbers, ere they run away,  
Will fire the house to hide their guilt, so they  
Would at the last my home in ruins lay.

\* James Buchanan.

Now, like hid mines, exploding treason springs,  
And every day a gloomier story brings, —  
The very air grows dark with boding things !

Amazed, I know not where to turn or trust ;  
In camp and council lurk the traitor host,  
And deadliest plots where I had trusted most.

'Gainst outward foes, all nature's armed in part,  
And outward wounds still yield to time and art,  
But death's the bane that courses through the  
heart !

I gave them lands, dominion, honors, all ;  
I made their sons the rulers of my hall ;  
But, like warmed adders, now they seek my fall.

They turned, like Arnold, from my love away ;  
They would, like Judas, with a kiss betray ;  
And, like remorseless Herod, sought the fray.



To foulest things they fairest names assign ;  
Their treason, revolution is divine ;  
Their perjury, as " State's Rights " they define.

To lie, rob, murder, devastate, — all go  
As higher duties which their States they owe,  
And justified by what they mean to do.

In freedom's name my people they enslave,  
Yet say they are like Seventy-six's brave,  
And make my land a desert and a grave.

With lies that Hell might shame, they daily feed  
The poor, deluded people, whom they lead  
To their own ruin, by a specious creed.\*

\* That is, the doctrine of State's Rights. Of this fatal political heresy John C. Calhoun was the father or great apostle ; and it ultimately proved the rock on which the Southern States split. The Government of this country is very much like the solar system. It must be kept nicely balanced between the centrifugal and the centripetal forces, or else it goes to ruin. Every State revolves around the central sun ; but it must also be allowed to turn on its own axis. Excessive State sovereignty leads to dissolution ; ex-

(O cursed be hence the politician brood, —  
 The lazy cannibals that flourish would,  
 And riot, on the people's means and blood !)

To State's Rights as their sovereignty they  
     cleave,  
 Yet take whole States without the people's leave,  
 Whom they of law, peace, and their sweat be-  
     reave.

cessive United-States sovereignty leads to tyranny and monarchy. In 1860, too much deference was paid to "State's Rights"; in 1866, there is probably assumed too much central authority. Since the war is over, it will probably be well for the people in all parts of the country to get rid of the extreme men of both parties, just as soon as they can; no matter what the talents of these office-holders may be. The government machine of this country is so simple, that to run it well, requires rather men of honesty and firmness, than men of extraordinary talents; and it spoils most men to keep them long in office.

The Southern people are rather to be pitied than denounced for having gone into the late war. *To most of them* their motives seemed honorable, or they felt called upon to defend rights which it seemed disgraceful to give up without a struggle; but the politicians who brought about this state of things, cannot be too severely denounced.

Man's equal rights political they spurn ;\*  
For royalty or fame their leaders burn,  
And all my land would to their grandeur turn.

My law and justice, tyranny they call ;  
My growing vigor, my untimely fall ;  
And their dire havoc, the true good of all.

In dust they trail my starry flag sublime ;  
My children poor they drive to every clime ; †  
The rich they martyr for no other crime.

War's sternest power I at last must try :  
“ Law, Union, Freedom ! ” is the rallying cry ;  
And fields, marts, fact'ries, all neglected lie.

Her stalwart sons the teeming, loyal North  
Pours to the strife from every hamlet forth,  
And rightly deems her cause the best on earth :

\* About this time, several newspapers ridiculed that clause of the Declaration of Independence, which says that “all men are born free and equal.”

† Think of the fugitives of East Tennessee.

For Satan was the first secessionist,  
And various Catilines have graced the list,  
With social sess-pools that no age has missed.

Now lust o'er law, and might o'er right, seeks  
    sway ;  
And knife to knife grows everywhere the fray ;  
And bloodier horrors come with every day.

Rapine and murder o'er the far West stalk ;  
The bowie-knife lurks by the private walk,  
And soon perhaps the bloodier tomahawk.\*

While every neighbor-feud now finds its vent ;  
And deadly rancor, long on vengeance bent,  
Can find the means to glut its foul intent.

\* About this time, Rebel emissaries were trying to set the frontier Indians against the Northwestern States, while the men of these States were in the Union army, and away from home.

And every scoundrel, checked by law or pride,  
Is free to pillage now the country wide,  
And in the patriot can his devil hide.\*

My heart, O God ! grows sick while I survey  
The lowering evils which beset my way ;—  
O lend Thine arm, and lend Thy wisdom's ray !

Make Thou my leaders pure, and wise, and  
brave ;  
Preserve the best from an untimely grave ;  
And right again all that Thy bounty gave.

\* Such is the demoralizing power of civil war, that in Missouri, for instance, men that once called themselves Christians, and prided themselves on their refinement and hospitality, became in less than three years the vilest and bloodiest of brigands ; and not only did they infest the State at large, but they even came back to their own neighborhoods, to pillage and massacre their former neighbors and friends, — yea, even those who had once knelt in the same church with them, and partaken of the same bread and wine ! Surely no one could have believed before the war, that it is possible for civilized men to become in so short a time accursed savages !

When man gets power, he glories in its use ;  
But let all rulers on this maxim muse, —  
*The surest way to lose is to abuse.\**

Let every one in time this lesson learn, —  
*To do his duty strictly ;* and thus earn  
An amaranthine wreath to grace his urn.

Let Thine own spirit stir my warrior bands ;  
Unerring guide whatever mind commands ;  
And check the slaughter-reeking victor's hands.

Rule Thou my politics, too oft a curse ;  
Crush hid corruption that still poisons worse ;  
And secret plottings everywhere disperse.

*\* The surest way to lose power is to abuse it.* I give this maxim in prose, because I cannot satisfactorily weave it into verse. It is an important political and physical truth, which I published elsewhere several years ago, and which is seldom sufficiently appreciated until it is too late.

From pestilence and faction guard my soil ;  
Make the womb fruitful, bless the farmer's toil ;  
And keep my arms aloof from foreign broil.

Forsake not, Lord, thy chosen people now ;  
In meek submission to thy wrath we bow ;  
But save at last, and fill thy former vow.

My progress vast, and victories of peace,  
In war are merged, or for a time must cease ;  
And all my glories must abroad decrease.

My flowering manhood must to battle go ;  
The best and bravest perish with the foe ;  
And many a home bereaved feel Rachel's woe.

Soothe Thou the bleeding households torn in  
twain ;

Scarce feels than they more agonizing pain  
The heart that dies upon the battle-plain.

Espouse, O God ! my welfare and my cause ;  
Preserve my Union, government, and laws ;  
And purge all faction that to discord draws.

Perhaps for what was once these rebels long,  
And feel in cool reflection they are wrong,\*  
With pangs that well might paralyze the strong.

But pride and hatred, anger and disgrace,  
Work wondrous strong within a free-born race,  
And oft than yield will rather death embrace.

Restore Thou, when this shameful † strife is o'er,  
My erring kindred as they were of yore,  
And let curs'd demagogues rule them no more.

\* Perhaps such was the feeling of Stonewall Jackson, when he felt touched by the patriotism of Barbara Fritchie, and ordered his soldiers not to molest her.

† *Shameful*, not only because it sprung from causes that never should have produced war, but also from the plundering of one party and the cruelty of the other.



Unite again in love the sections both ;  
Be free schools sown for all the Southern youth,\*  
That these themselves can seek and find the  
truth.

And grant, O God ! when this dread war is o'er,  
That slaves with us shall be as slaves no more,  
But find their outlet on their father's shore.†

\* The words, "*Educate ! educate !!*" deserve to stand in letters of gold over every door-way in this country. Ignorance is the poorest and most debasing of all poverty ; and among people enlightened and equalized by education, neither tyranny nor injustice can abide, for the haughty quickly feel that they dare not assume excessive authority, and the others will not tolerate undue assumption of superiority. In a social point of view, my limited experience in life enables me to say, that the most educated people are always the best people, whether as friends, neighbors, soldiers, or citizens. Universal education is also the best means of destroying hereditary prejudices, feuds, and animosities ; for where every one can read, every one learns to judge for himself, and such a community always presents the greatest and most beautiful variety of individuality of character.

† The best provision for the future of our Negroes is evi-

Long have they served us with submission  
low.

Shall we bear Egypt's plagues ere let them go?  
And rob their rights with our own overthrow?

Ah ! who can tell what woes the slave's heart  
fill :

This short, sweet life beneath a tyrant will,  
Tasked, lashed, and sold, like brutes we use  
and kill !

dently emigration and colonization. While the vast primitive wealth of nature in this country exceeds the human power that is now developing it, there is doubtless room for Negroes and Chinamen. But this country will soon be filled with population ; and when we have progressed so far that whites would like to hold the situations held by the colored races, then such strife will spring up that all parties will wish an outlet for the colored races had been provided long before. Besides, what right have we, for the sake of better satiating our own greediness, to hasten the development of this country in such a way as to entail curses upon our posterity? Let only superior races and superior institutions ever be rooted in the soil of this country.

And who can tell what woes a proud heart feels,  
Stung on all sides by social slights and ills,  
In which the torturing blight of life most dwells!

Crinkled and dwarfed grow plants beneath a  
stone ;

Pressed forest trees shoot high to reach the sun ;  
And the caged lion's fire soon is gone.

More sweet to life is inborn liberty  
Than dew to buds or honey to the bee,  
Than sun to earth or salt unto the sea.

But let not these dark millions, here set free,  
E'er mar or stain our Saxon pedigree,  
Like Mexico's degenerate race to be.

But like some Cheops of our enterprise,  
In Ethiopia's fairest lands let rise  
Their future realm, beneath congenial skies.

Yet this deep problem of the public mind,\*  
To Thine omniscient goodness be resigned,  
And be Thy will in seeming need defined.

Grant lastly, Lord, this strife may soon be o'er ;  
Let peace shine, like the sun, from shore to  
shore ;  
And civil war rise in this land no more.

Restore my prestige and the world's hope yet ;  
Let freemen here their highest glory get ;  
And let my sun in Thy millennium set !

WASHINGTON CITY.

\* That is, *What shall we do with our negroes ?*





## CIVIL WAR.

**B**EFORE the morn has streaked the  
east,  
The ponderous army-wagon rings ;  
Before the sun wakes bird and beast,  
The ambulance its wounded brings.

The rolling drum, the morning gun,  
Rouse to the duties of the day ;  
And cannon thunders doleful run,  
That tell of carnage far away !

Dead, maimed, and wounded everywhere  
Reveal the horrors of the fight ;  
And groans of pain, moans of despair,  
All tell of war's untimely blight.

Go where you will, and there will be  
A gloomy silence over all ;  
Go where you will, and you shall see  
Tear-swollen face and sable pall.

Life huddles, where the armies clash,  
Like waters round the cataract's brink, —  
A moment in the light to flash,  
Then in the dark abyss to sink !

At home, from absence, want, and grief,  
Its sweetest buds and flowers wilt ;  
In camps, a thing so frail and brief,  
Quick as a glass of water spilt.

What though the yeoman's home, as wont,  
Smile in the pride of summer gay,  
Dark bodings all its beauties haunt,  
While he, the lord, is far away.

The rose within the garden blooms,  
But tearful eyes gaze on it now ;  
The distant battle-field entombs  
Him who here plighted love's true vow.

Life seems but for a mockery meant :  
Its happiness and hopes have fled ;  
Such are the ties asunder rent,  
The living go down with the dead !

At church so sweet the music peals,  
We know what worshipers are there ;  
While many a garb of black reveals  
The heartless ravages of war.

Dragged by a rope around their feet,  
The common slain in ditch are cast ;  
And steeds that charged in battle's heat,  
Lie heedless of the bugle's blast.

O cruel man ! and must the brute  
That clings to thee without reward,  
And bears all hardships meekly mute,  
Be also in thy fury marred ? \*

The farm that once in beauty smiled,  
The home of many a happy heart,  
Is now a desolated wild,  
With scarce a trace of man or art.†

Not e'en a cat or 'wildered fowl  
Yet lingers where the cottage stood ;  
The howling dog and hooting owl  
Alone break night's grim solitude.

\* On our great battle-fields, there scarcely appeared, after the carnage, a more affecting sight than the thousands of innocent horses that lay everywhere dead, and frequently lacerated by shells and cannon-balls in the most shocking manner.

† Such was the desolation in Virginia, that when I once rode during the War through a section of this country, it had again the appearance of the silent, primitive wilderness ; and some people that had lived near Bull Run, before the battles there, never saw afterwards a trace of their homes, but even found great difficulty in ascertaining where they once lived !



The ship lies rotting on the strand ;  
The plough rusts in the field away ;  
The bustling factories silent stand ;  
And flocks and herds untended stray.\*

To kill a man was once a crime  
So horrid as to shock all hearts ;  
But now 't is heard so many a time,  
It scarce a wish to know imparts.

Once were sincerity and truth  
Prized dearly, and found far and nigh ;  
But dread and treachery now, forsooth,  
Fill every place from low to high.

\* There was not much of this state of things during the War ; still there was some of it in the North, especially at the commencement ; and there was always a considerable amount of it in the South. When war begins, all the channels of industry soon converge into one great stream to support it.

Who once were friends, each other shun  
As if the plague-spot were on each ;  
'Twixt wife and husband even run  
Opinions with their fatal breach.\*

In field the son his father slays,  
As oft the father slays his son ;  
The nearest kin seek adverse frays,  
And broth'r by brother is undone.

Men once in peace and concord dwelt,  
Howe'er in views they disagreed ;  
But now Proscription's power is felt,  
And Tyranny's obsequious breed.

Each day some shocking tale sends forth,  
Of slaughter, cruelty, or wrong ;  
And law and decency on earth  
Seem but a mocked forgotten song.

\* Better : "Even betwixt wife and husband runs Opinion's fatal breach"; but the necessities of the measure compel the adoption of an inferior expression.

For every passion seeks for blood,  
And every lust a devil grows ;  
Men seek, like cannibals, their food,  
And make their land a land of woes.

Poor mortals for life's pleasures grasp  
Upon the very brink of hell ;  
And yield to Sin's dark serpent clasp,  
As Hope withdraws her anchoring spell.\*

\* It is remarkable how soon, in civil war, life becomes cheap, and people become reckless in regard to it. Seeing that existence is uncertain and brief, they feel determined not to be cheated out of the few pleasures of life, and therefore they give themselves up recklessly to the gratification of their appetites and passions. Death stares them in the face like the Egyptian coffin that was brought in at banquets before the guests as a stimulus to enjoy themselves the more while they live and have the opportunity, — for the grave would soon preclude them from the pleasures of worldly life. Sailors, when they find in a storm that their ship must sink, usually rush down into the hold, and drink and eat themselves full to the utmost capacity of enjoyment, before they go down into their sea-graves.

Good Lord ! beneath whose righteousness  
The sins and wrongs of nations die ;  
Beneath whose eye, for Thee to bless,  
All nations panoramic lie, —

O let our hopes, storm-crushed to earth,  
Again with heavenly fragrance rise ;  
And be our throes the Christian birth  
Of such a life as never dies !

WASHINGTON CITY, 1862.





GENERAL KEARNEY.



TOLL, sad bell ! toll,  
For the chieftain dead ;  
Roll, cannons ! roll,  
Deep, doleful, and dread !

For a nobler form  
Ne'er passed away  
From the battle-storm,  
To mix with clay.

When the field was wrapt  
In fire and bleeding,  
To the charge he swept,  
His squadrons leading.

On his chivalrous brow  
Shone victory's light,  
While his steed plunged through  
The billowy fight.

But a whizzing ball  
Strikes the hero low,  
Where the front ranks fall  
Of the baffled foe!

Yet his eagle look  
Of glorious daring,  
Not in death forsook  
His martial bearing:

That, though dead, he seems  
Even yet to command  
To the battle-flames  
All who round him stand!

Every heart feels stirred  
To its deepest fountain,  
And as if it heard  
Fairy trumpets sounding !

O my country ! ne'er  
Can thy glory wane,  
While thy soil will rear  
Such noble men.

By the deeds they do,  
By their lives bereft,  
Thou shalt stronger grow  
In the living left.

And from memory deep  
Of thy history grand,  
Every heart shall leap  
To its native land.

Then, comrades brave !  
Round the sable bier,  
And the yawning grave,  
Shed the pitying tear,

For the hero sealed  
In the flower of his glory,  
To stand ever revealed  
In immortal story.

But give for your chief  
But a day to sorrow ;  
And to action, not grief,  
Each life-bright to-morrow !

WASHINGTON CITY, October, 1862.





## NOTE.

GENERAL PHILIP KEARNEY. — During the late War, I saw several corpses of eminent military men, and many of common soldiers ; but all these persons seemed to have been utterly overcome and subdued by Death in the last few moments of worldly life, and looked indeed “quite chapfallen,” except Kearney. Every lineament of his corpse seemed to be still alive with the gallant spirit that had animated it ; and there was such a look of eagerness and joyous daring in his fine eagle face as I had never seen before. It produced, indeed, a momentary illusion as if he were still commanding all around him to charge into the furious midst of the battle ! As he lay before us in his flag-shrouded coffin, with his head slightly averted, and thrown back — with his tall and symmetrical form — and “with his martial cloak around him,” — looking every inch the gallant soldier he was, — some of us wept over him as we should have wept over a near relative ; and never before did I feel so deeply the guiltiness of that treason which caused the sacrifice of so noble a life. The morning was crystal clear, and filled with the balmiest sunshine ; but the night had been pitch-dark, and overspread with a terrible thunder-storm, in the early part of

which he was killed. Both night and morning seemed emblematic,—the former, of his military exit, and his country's seeming destiny; and the latter, of the transcendent glory which now rests in imperishable splendor upon both.





## ODE TO HEALTH.

**S**WEET blooming Health ! propitious  
maid !

From blissful skies descend ;  
And, in all youthful charms arrayed,  
Be thou my constant friend.

I ask not for the tawdry show  
That decks the rich and vain ;  
Nor envy, of ambition's crew,  
Those who their wishes gain.

Without thee, every blessing is  
But mockery or disgust ;  
With thee, mere life itself is bliss,  
Though living on a crust.

Can genius, wealth, or titles ease  
The weary couch of pain ?  
Can love or friendship give release  
From Death's funereal train ?

To verdant fields and mountains blue,  
Come, stroll with me and mine ;  
And where the ocean meets the view,  
Or glassy rivers shine.


Give to the need of daily toil  
Thy comfort, strength, and cheer ;  
And let thy hardy sports beguile  
All seasons of the year.

And ever, goddess, hold thy reign  
Within my cottage nest ;  
Thou, and thy happy, cheerful train, —  
Contentment, peace, and rest.



## MY BIBLE.

Religion, the only source of genuine happiness and perfect consolation.

HEN sorrows press upon my  
heart,  
And painful thoughts distress,  
Religion can relief impart,  
And soothe my thoughts to peace.

Should every tie that love has made  
Be rudely torn away, —  
Should every hopeful prospect fade,  
Or end in dark dismay, —

Should envy, malice, scorning pride,  
Their venom'd arrows dart, —  
And fortune raise, on every side,  
Fresh ills to bruise the heart, —

Yea, should this world to me appear  
A wilderness of woe, —  
GOD'S WORD will teach me how to bear,  
And guide me as I go.

What else can cheer the drooping soul,  
In sickness or in age ?  
What else the dying hour console,  
And joyful hopes engage ?

When Death my soul from earth has riven,  
In other worlds to dwell,  
This can unlock the doors of heaven,  
Defy the gates of hell.

This leads where the Redeemer reigns, —  
To New Jerusalem ;  
As once by night, on Syria's plains,  
The Star of Bethlehem.

When piety is in the heart,  
The world's an Eden still ;  
More bliss God's mercies can impart,  
Than is the pain from ill.\*

They who have gained the world's control,  
Have found at last but this, —  
That naught can satisfy the soul,  
Save hope of endless bliss.

Then may I never be a slave  
For worldly good to plod ;  
But as my body to the grave,  
So draw, my soul, to God.

1853.

\* That is, rather than repine over the ills which we suffer, we should feel happy and grateful in surveying the many blessings which we enjoy, and the loving benevolence toward man which is everywhere apparent in God's works.



TO FLORA.



HERE is *rapture* in loving a beautiful maid,  
Blithe and bright as a bird in a  
summer-bright morning ;  
With a heart all by goodness and purity swayed,  
And by love that is mad from the depth of  
its burning.

There is *comfort* in loving a woman of worth,  
Whose great wealth of heart and whose  
mind's solid treasures  
Will be solace, light, strength, in the turmoil  
of earth,  
And make home a garden of exquisite pleasures.



But there 's GLORY in loving where both are in  
one,

And a man's heart may plunge without fear  
of regretting ;

Where both lives are doubled by blending  
alone,

In a fortress of bliss that defies all besetting.





## THE BROADWAY WIDOW.

She can be seen any fair afternoon, on the fashionable side of Broadway.

**D**IDO loud of old protested  
Ne'er to have a second flame ;  
. But she found she had but jested,  
When the stately Trojan came.

Loveliest, like the sun when beaming  
Through the dark and tearful storm,  
Is the mellow beauty gleaming  
From the luring mourner's form.

Nature a disguise may borrow,  
Yet this maxim true will prove, —  
Spite of pride and spite of sorrow,  
She that has a heart must love.

Since from death there 's no returning,  
When one lover bids adieu,  
All the pomp and farce of mourning  
Are but signals for a new !





## BURNS.

On the celebration of his centennial birthday, in Washington City, D. C., Jan. 25th, 1859.

A bust of the poet, large as life, is supposed to be placed at the head of the table ; and while the master of the banquet unveils this bust, and crowns it with laurel, the guests rise to their feet, and with song and wine toast the canonized bard.



TWINE the fresh green laurel-  
wreath

Around the brow of thought di-  
vine,

Where genius sparkled underneath

More brilliant than the stars that shine ;

And while the rosy moments fly,

And all the heart to friendship turns,

Fill ye your crystal goblets high,

In memory of immortal BURNS !

The master spirits of the earth,  
Who wake to song the golden lyre,  
Who give the noble passions birth,  
And elevate the low desire, —  
O, while the heart its homage pays,  
And to their beaming glory turns,  
Let us these flowery goblets raise  
In honor of immortal BURNS !

The glen, the brae, the wimpling brook,  
The flower, the bud, the tender maid,  
Fresh beauties from his pencil took,  
And stand in nature's charms arrayed ;  
The peasant, as he boldly roves,  
Fired by his muse, indignant spurns  
All fetters but enchanting love's, —  
Our goblets to immortal BURNS !

What man that feels the patriot glow,  
And goes for home his blood to shed,

But strikes a deeper, deadlier blow,  
From "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" !  
And how the eye resistless fills,  
And sympathetic bosom yearns,  
When matchless "Highland Mary" thrills, —  
Our goblets to immortal BURNS !

Found friendship e'er a sweeter voice  
Than melts the heart in "Auld Lang Syne" ?  
Has earth more blest domestic ties  
Than in the Cotter's home entwine ?  
And then the Daisy, "bonny gem,"  
O'Shanter's ride, and Man that mourns, —  
What truth, what pathos, glow in them ! —  
Our goblets to immortal BURNS !

Though early crushed by want and woes,  
He spurned to cringe to man or fate,  
And ne'er forgot, 'mid griefs and foes,  
\* A man's a man for a' that " ;

And yet his genial love still bloomed  
Beneath a harsh world's bleeding thorns,  
Which his brave heart untimely doomed, —  
Our goblets to immortal BURNS !

Embalmed in ever-glorious verse,  
The bard shall triumph over Time ;  
A beacon to light up life's course,  
Far streaming from its height sublime ;  
A quenchless star that cannot fall  
While earth upon her axle turns : —  
Then drain your votive goblets all,  
In memory of immortal BURNS !





FLORA.

**M**Y love is like the dewy rose,  
And blooms as sweet in dainty  
red ;

Or like the light-red pink that blows  
So fragrant in the garden's bed.

My love is like the lily tall,  
Of purest and imperial look,  
Yet modest as the violet small,  
That nestles by the velvet brook.

My love is like the clasping vine,  
And clings to me, and me alone ;  
Ne'er touched by other lips than mine,  
Her virgin heart is all my own.



My love is like the orange-tree  
That blooms in milk-white purity ;  
So pure in life and thought is she,  
There 's not a breath of obloquy.

My love is like the evergreen  
That cheers us through the winter bare ;  
When all the world 's a dreary scene,  
I still find love's strong verdure there.

My love is like the diamond bright,  
All polished with the finest art ;  
And radiates sweet affection's light  
Thus from her good, angelic heart.

My love is like the morning star,  
Conspicuous o'er a myriad host ;  
And sweeter far her love-tones are  
Than sphere-sung hymns on Eden's coast.

My love is like the turtle-dove,  
As fond, and true, and void of art, —  
A spiritual dove sent from above,  
To cheer and bless my lonely heart.

If maids on earth can be so fair,  
Then what, in heaven, must angels be ?  
And is not love a fountain here  
That flows through immortality ?





## LINES TO LAURA.



NCE my heart was knit to thine,  
In the ties of sweet affection ;  
Love then made you seem divine,  
And concealed each imperfection.

But too soon your sordid heart  
Showed itself a fickle rover ;  
And you snared, with wily art,  
A debased but richer lover.

Now with me, in public view,  
Very soon you scorned appearing,  
And, when I saluted you,  
Turned away with looks of sneering.

Or, when I called at your door,  
You were absent or too busy ;  
Till I swore I nevermore  
Would call on the stuck-up hussy !

Long, with him, at ball and church  
And in buggy round you flirted ;  
Till he left you in the lurch,  
Dangled with, but never courted.

Now you've grown polite again,  
Greeting me when I don't see you ;  
But your spider's net keep in,  
I'll not play the fly's part wi' you.

And remember they whom pride  
Lifts up high above their fellows,  
When their wings are scorched must hide  
In their native weeds and shallows.

If, too, good 't will do you, hear  
I have found a nobler maiden,  
And my daisies hence I 'll rear  
In her bosom's purer Eden.

1854.





## A LEAF OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

**E**IGHO ! what's this ? and who has  
done it all ?  
Have spirits invisible, or earthquake  
shocks,  
Or, — Robbed ! robbed ! robbed ! from nine  
o'clock to three,  
In broad daylight, and in the city's heart,  
Where people swarm by thousands all day long,  
And huge policemen, armed with leaden club,  
Perambulate about on every corner.  
It is too bad ! Ne'er, ne'er my heart was  
stirred  
By heaven's thunder, or Niagara's flood,  
Or stinting boarding-house, or dingy shirt

With button off, so deeply, so intensely,  
 As now. Indeed, it is too bad ! But then  
*There are so many rogues in Washington !*  
 Yet why could not the scamps alight upon  
 Some sly contractor, plethoric with stealage,  
 Or some fat office-squab with much less feeling,  
 And twice the pay at least from which to spare ?  
 Or why not go direct, and boldly rob,  
 Like other " honorable men " we 've known,  
 The Treasury itself ? But to attack  
 A muse's bower, lined with classic lore,  
 A garret bare, traditionary poor,  
 And in this case my tower of observation  
 On the world,—is sure the climax of all villany !

But let us see what is the damage done : —  
 That door-lock, with " five tumblers," " war-  
 ranted " —

To *fail*, it seems, the rogues as lightly picked  
 As drunkard's pocket, and, when done, again

Politely locked! But, then, that trunk-lock,  
mark —

How violently these fell secessionists  
Did wrench and knock it from its loyal trust!  
For still the wooden splinters stick within,  
Like strands of flesh betwixt a lion's fangs.  
Some generals near this town, the nation's  
heart,

Who on the nation's bounty long had loafed,  
Not half such heroes were in peril's hour,  
To guard the patrimony of their lord.  
But, lo! within the trunk, what multitudinous  
Confusion! scarce a lady's trunk could match  
it.

How eagerly the rascals searched for *money*!  
But none they found, for none indeed was  
there; —

Blest manna, which by far too seldom falls  
Upon my desert wilderness of life;  
But when it comes, it just as quickly goes,  
To glad the hearts of others and my own.



Alas! my Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes,  
The livery in which I serve my Lord,  
The Devil sent the rogues to bear away ;  
The finery, too, in which I play the beau, —  
So for a time I must forego to see  
The lovely Flora, and then who can tell —  
Since “ direful woes from little causes spring,”  
And sorrows ever in battalions come —  
But some spruce rival, richer now than I,  
May in the mean time bear the prize away ?

Socks, shirts, unmentionables, that were new,  
Are all *non est* ; so that, save what I ’ve on,  
I ’m left in plight a very *sans-culotte*.  
That box of bronze, which was a sort of shrine  
For things of holy memory, and of grave  
Responsibilities to come, is also rifled.  
My *debts*, it seems, they did not wish to pay,  
For carefully they left the duns they found.  
But gone is that rich pen of figured gold,

That muse-inspiring gift of hallowed love,  
 Flora's own gift. Alas ! for this indeed  
 No remedy there is, unless I can  
 Replace the loss by the fair donor's self.  
 And gone that medal, academic prize,  
 Which I as proudly wore, in triumph's hour,  
 As ever Eastern autocrat his crown.  
 And gone—but here the tears begin to flow—  
 Those sacred relics which my good enskied  
 And sainted mother left in her last hour  
 For her own darling boy, then far away !

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Bed, bureau, table, windows, all they searched ;  
 And all that pawning Jew might take that bore  
 No mark which could reveal the scamps, is gone.  
 Even the table-drawer out they drew :  
 And there the shameless rascals slyly peeped  
 At all the Muses in their dishabille ;  
 But, to their honor ever be it said,  
 They did not ravish them ! Each sign and trace

That may assist policemen to detect  
The sharks, it may be well to glean and tell ;  
That they may also share the spoils, or help  
The rogues to get away. For with police,  
'T is true, that handling pitch defiles, and  
that

“ A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.”

As to myself, made bankrupt in my nest, —  
Like Burns's mouse, turned by the ploughshare  
out, —

Let me for consolation search my mind.  
Wisdom, says Solomon, is better far  
Than gold or jewels ; and so I perceive,  
For I have learned a lesson that will stick,  
And lost the little worldly trash I had.  
But there 's a luxury in having naught,  
Which careworn millionnaires can never know.  
The only perfect freeman on this earth  
Is he who nothing is, and nothing has.

A traveller that has nothing, none will rob ;  
A sheep, already shorn, can lose no wool ;  
A hungry hound will run the best in chase ;  
The empty swimmer surest gains the shore ;\*  
The hawk that carries least can farthest fly ;  
The tree that slowest grows the longest lives,  
And that which bears the least the largest  
grows ;

Fruit that feels canker prematurely falls ;  
Too many blossoms make the less of fruit ;  
On leafless trees no caterpillars prey ;  
Quartz, without ore, the miner will not grind ;  
On empty nest no hen needs stay to hatch ;  
An empty nut no vermin will disturb ;  
An empty pitcher cannot freeze and crack ;  
An empty brook the sun cannot dry up ;  
An engine, without steam, cannot explode ;  
A lowly bush the lightning will not strike ;  
A beehive without honey stands secure ;

\* Of heaven and eternity.

A cabbage without head will never burst ;  
A juiceless apple is not apt to rot ;  
And what is lowest cannot lower fall.

“ A loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.”

Patrons in politics are base and false :  
They bloom in promises that never fruit,  
And blight the virtuous youth who in them  
                  trusts ;  
So that he afterwards ne'er thinks of them,  
Except with curses crawling in his heart.

The milk of office poisons while it feeds ;  
A grave-yard helps the logic of a church ;  
And self-reliance is the soul of fortune.

Then let me smile o'er this dramatic scene,  
And elsewhere trust to labor and the Lord.



## PORTRAIT OF A POLITICIAN.

Instructive Satire ! true to Virtue's cause !  
Thou shining supplement of public laws !

YOUNG.

Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time,  
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme.

POPE.

Indignatio facit versus, si Natura negat.

JUVENAL.

(" It is but fancy's sketch.")

SCENE — WASHINGTON CITY.

**A** HOGGISH snout, with rusty bristles  
hedge'd ;  
Snake eyes through which glares out  
the Devil caged ;  
A froggish nose that squats impertinent out,  
And monstrous ears whose likeness none can  
doubt ;  
A baboon noddle, full of knots and flats,  
With sandy shag, coarse as the brain it mats,  
And basket backhead full of sensual brains,  
Chief Pandemonium where the Devil reigns :

A face where meanness hangs out as the sign,  
And selfishness is graved in every line ;  
A scamp whom Nature out of rubbish made,  
And surely meant for cleaver, axe, or spade ;  
A bore whom instinct prompts us not to meet,  
And some, to shun him, always cross the street ;  
A grog-shop eel, whose fiery, frowzy skin  
Smells of the rotgut burning him within ;  
And such a glutton that the waiters stare,  
And landlords lose that charge no extra fare !\*

Yet coarse and mean and selfish as he is,  
And with the whole stamped plainly in his phiz,  
An office under Government holds he,  
As fat and easy as a place can be ;  
While many a better man must go without,  
And bear the holder's insolence and flout.

\* The foregoing physical type of men is probably that which yields most easily to political corruption. But there are honorable exceptions ; while men of a different physique may be also very corrupt, especially wherever there is a predominance of the lymphatic temperament.

No puffed Mogul, upon his diamond throne,  
No Sultan Turk, "too fond to rule alone,"  
No Feejee chief, who deems his isle the world,

. . . . .

E'er loved so well, or to the handle used,  
"A little brief authority," or mused  
In airier castles all his prospects o'er,  
And all the honors yet for him in store.

At once he turns the best of men away,  
For sycophants that flatter him each day, —  
Vile parasitic pudding-pots that hang  
Around the public crib a deathless gang, —  
Till every subject in his little realm  
Pipes just to suit the master at the helm ;  
And the soul-eunuched crew, debauched and  
base,  
Will do all jobs for party, lord, and place.

Now feeling all his glory, and secure,  
And keen to show he was not bred a boor,



And anxious, too, to make his merits known,  
That more promotion may uplift him soon,  
He deems it wise to bask in public gaze,  
And goes to parties, balls, levees, and plays ;  
Though everywhere his actions and his tongue  
Reveal a mushroom from a dung-hill sprung,  
A tipsy upstart that would lead and rule,  
A liveried blackguard, and a varnished fool.

With whiskers dyed, and trained in formal cut,  
And hair curled hot in phrenologic strut ;  
With breast-pin that astonishes the sight,  
So huge it seems to be the "Mount of Light" ;  
With ponderous watch-chain and a flashy  
vest, —

He seeks to shine as first among the best ;  
And aims to play the most conspicuous part,  
In spite of want of common sense and art.

Full oft he twists and smacks his mouth, when  
sweet

Glides through his pate some gorgeous self-  
conceit.

He thinks himself sighed for by all the fair,  
And struts with pride that seems to climb the  
air.

Where'er he goes, he looks for great respect,  
And grows imperious with the least neglect.  
Tyrant to all dependent on his love,  
As fawning to the powers that rule above.  
His brazen voice grows huskier day by day,  
And oft he chokes for something big to say.  
He claims to know what none e'er knew  
before ;

The cyclopædia he has travelled o'er ;  
And soon he lets clerks, belles, and mothers  
know,

That he 's no less a ——

Poor name once honoring but the wise and  
grave,

But now usurped by every quack and knave.

“Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by  
glare,”

And titles win where virtues must despair :  
There is some vantage spot in humblest life,  
Where every man, perhaps, can catch a wife ;  
And better 't is to anchor soon the heart,  
Than let it drift without a port or chart.  
This spot our hero thought to him had come,  
With brightest prospect for a princely home ;  
And on life's stream he ever meant to wait,  
Till he could hail a nymph that passed with  
freight ;

For he too lazy was, and bred unfit,  
To ever earn his bread by work or wit ;  
And long ago he lost his little all  
At places that the Muse would blush to call.  
So now he sallied forth to snare the heart  
Of some young damsel, handsome, rich, and  
smart ;

Or of, at least, some unsubstantial thing

That might substantial wealth and credit bring.  
Deceived by pompous show and bragging prate,  
Some silly mothers deem him something great ;  
And heart-lone maids, long hungering for a  
                  chance,  
By first receptions lure to more advance.

But what a pity, gilding will not wear,  
And that we lose our castles in the air ;  
Or that some folks will always pry below,  
And seek to know the background of a show !

Too soon he found that women, after all,  
Are rather shrewd in matters conjugal.  
Not frogs alone will look before they leap,  
And rabbits see, e'en when they seem asleep.  
A lady often values as a beau  
For whom as spouse her sentiment is *No* !  
Love, as an art, pays rarely for the cost,  
And oft is gained the least while sought the  
                  most.

Even noblest men may make a luckless dash,  
For women prove too often simply *trash* ! <sup>1</sup>  
Fickle and false, of vain and shallow mind,  
Ill-formed, diseased, to worth and duty blind ;  
Great sticklers for life's outward forms and gloss,  
Dear fashion's fools, their husbands' thorns  
and cross :

And where a maid superior cheers a home,  
All youngsters wolfish watch her opening  
bloom ;

Whence oft she 's made a fool, if not outcast,  
Or takes for life 'a crooked stick at last.

In talk he rarely blundered into sense ;  
'T was either flattery gross or impudence.  
The haughty fair would scarcely deign reply ;  
And unregarded rolled his fawning eye.  
Full oft to him they were not most polite,  
And kept their distance when he came in  
sight.

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So when at last he found that none would yield,  
 He drew all soured from the luckless field ;  
 In dissipation strove his thoughts to shun,  
 Like many other fools when hopes are gone.

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In those deep haunts, whose regal splendor  
       shows  
 Just where the people's hard-earned money  
       goes,

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And why so very slowly melts away  
The public debt, though vast the tax we pay, —  
In those gay haunts, for pleasure all designed,  
He found a vent and opiate for his mind.

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The Muse can scarcely take the time to name  
Cards, billiards, and each other gambling game ;  
Or note the gay refreshment places all,  
Where lewdest pictures decorate the wall.

Thus taught of what the "elephant" is made,  
 Our knight the nation's core of life surveyed,  
 And variously enriched his hollow mind :  
*First*, with more insight into woman-kind ;  
 Especially from those who come from far,  
 And here most gay, free, and presumptuous  
                   are ;

(For why, from home, not bid the Devil come,  
 Provided only you 're a saint at home ?)

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*Next*, in the glorious art of politics, —  
 That royal gambling, full of slippery tricks ;  
 For in these haunts, and in the chief hotels,  
 While friendly night their plotting work con-  
                   ceals,  
 The sachems of all parties congregate,  
 To splice the ties of interest, love, and hate.



Here do they meet, to coo, and bill, and swill,  
Adjust the spoils, and sugar-coat the pill  
Oysters lie open while they suck and feed ;  
So is it with the politician breed.  
Hearts melt together in soft pleasure's heat ;  
Hence people sport together, drink, and eat.

Would you a genuine politician move ?  
Talk not of justice, public good, or love ;  
But show him rather where the stealage lies,  
And let the pile rise huge before his eyes ;  
Show how you out can pry him, or disgrace,  
Or lift him higher to a better place ;  
Ply him meanwhile with dinners and with wine,  
And he will think your cause of right divine ;  
Never regard you as a scamp or bore,  
And serve you well — till others pay him more.

Here, as we said, they one another hail,  
Examine freight,\* and windward set the sail ;

\* Better, "Examine *passengers*" ; but this word would make the line too long.

Plan how their deep corruptions they may hide,  
Or charge them all upon the other side ;  
Provide, by black-mail, burrowing, office-sale, \*  
The funds in next elections to prevail ;  
Concoct their resolutions, and decide  
Who shall make speeches, and who shall preside,  
At those prime meetings, specious, drunk, and  
                  loud,  
Which win that doubly long-eared ass, — the  
                  crowd ;  
Where sophistry, like Jack-a-lantern fire,  
They scatter, and the press suborn or hire ;  
And where they at the end again produce,  
As candidates, the hacks worn out by use,  
That pulled the wires, cause the fuss and blab,  
And to the people stick like leprous scab !  
Thus do they still by agitation live,

\* *Black-mail*: Frequently, the leaders of a party in power levy contributions on the inferiors in office, especially the clerks ; a tax that is plainly a species of black-mail.

*Burrowing*: In the West, ground-squirrels, as they are

And life and strength to every discord give,  
 That they may always in elections win,  
 And keep themselves and theirs forever in ;  
 Yea, — more than vanquish, — cripple and  
           appall

The outside wolves that glare in o'er the wall !

A dog that once has tasted blood of sheep,  
 Will ever thence his wolfish habit keep ;  
 A thief will never quit his fingering trade,  
 Though lash and prison lend their friendly aid ;  
 Gamblers grow thirstier still at cards and dice,  
 And frail ones ne'er forsake their custom'd  
           vice :

called, frequently burrow under the cribs of the farmers, to steal corn. The analogy to the Public Crib is obvious.

*Office-sale :* In some parts of our country, offices, that should be given *gratis* to ability and merit, are regularly sold, for their own emolument, by those who have the right to bestow them. It is said that in New York city, during the reign of — —, all the offices in the gift of the Mayor were constantly sold, — that of the Sheriff having been disposed of, in one instance, for \$ 8,000 !

But more than Satan ever to a soul,  
Cling politicians to the office-roll ;  
Ease, power, wealth, and honor all combine  
To whet the lusts which human nature line ;  
So that who once has felt official state,  
Is thenceforth a perpetual candidate ;  
No more can live, like other folks, by work, —  
Restless and plotting, and a man of mark,  
Than grow and wear who 'd rather rot and rust,  
And pine in rankling "pride that licks the  
dust" ;  
Whence self-respect and conscience die within  
These all-polite, all-cousining, flunky men.<sup>2</sup>

Our knight thus learned a statesman's craft to  
know,  
And in what soil the roots of honor grow.  
Though since our sons we to some college send,  
That their crowned skill may in diplomas end ;  
'T were well to make them con, for state career,  
Philadelphia and New York at least a year ;

To learn how without conscience men can run  
All sorts of state machinery, and when done,  
Though fresh from human sewerage they alight,  
Be pure as saints, and come out "honor bright" !  
He who learns nothing there by seeing once,  
Must either be too honest or a dunce.

Our knight soon had for all his tactics need,  
For Honor keeps a small hotel indeed,  
Against the many who are thither led ;  
Hence some are ever pushed sheer out of bed,  
Must unprovided meet the outer cold,  
And grope in darkness for another hold.  
Birds, beasts, and reptiles prey on one another,  
And 'gainst himself man seldom spares his  
brother ;

Their votary soon the lusts of world and flesh  
Keep busy in an ever-tangling mesh.

His clerks but seldom found him in their way ;  
They did the work, while he received the pay.

Even theirs he kept, for worst he found of  
course

Jack Falstaff's plague, "consumption of the  
purse."

He else so seldom to his office stepped,  
That scarce he knew just where the thing was  
kept ;

And sure all vermin claim the native right  
To sleep by day, that prowl about at night !

He who holds office, must his leisure take  
To hold his old friends, and new friends to make ;  
Must ever 'gainst his foes his fort refit,  
And strategy by strategy outwit ;  
Must do as do the rest, though conscience heave,  
Or else he's no good fellow, and must leave.  
Little the time and peace for reading given,  
For noble works, and thoughts that lead to  
heaven.

At honesty and virtue men now mock ;  
And villainy, well done, gives pleasant talk.

Alas ! how quickly have we run to mire,  
Forgot the Red Sea, and the cloud of fire ;  
Grown impious on the manna kindly given ;  
Preferred the gold calf to the love of Heaven ;  
And spurned the law 'midst thunder-flashes  
sent,

In granite words, from Sinai's firmament,  
Where angels touched earth's sweetly bloom-  
ing sod,

And gave to man the blessing of their God !

Such were we not when Vernon's noble chief  
Led forth Columbia smiling after grief ;  
And hoary Father Time looked joyful out  
From haloed sky, amid angelic shout,  
And saw his youngest, loveliest daughter  
given

As queen to earth and votaress of Heaven.  
Then every virtue was with honor crowned ;  
Then every vice was from acceptance frowned ;  
Angelic forms smiled from our temple's sky,

And hell's foul brood slunk hated from the eye! \*  
 Nations can only by strict justice live ;  
 Virtue and light the life of freedom give ;  
 Or by our throne, each like a guardian grace,  
 Must Truth and Peace and Righteousness embrace

And soon beneath his sinecure and show,  
 Our knight felt now and then a touch of woe.  
 All paths of life are by some ills beset ;  
 Few folks can get their bread without the sweat ;  
 And even in politics at last found he,  
 That honesty is the best policy.  
 Good character and motives, like the sun,  
 Shine through all atmospheres though foul and  
 dun ;  
 Bad character and motives, with a shock,  
 Explode like blasting powder in a rock.

\* Analogous to the well-placed but imperfectly designed painting in the dome of the Capitol. These lines, however, were not suggested by this painting, but rather from the memory of Michael Angelo's masterpiece.



He who sets out a knave, and means for tools  
 To use the people as productive fools,  
 Soon finds them Argus-eyed, in instincts keen,  
 And far too proud for puppets of a scene.  
 They hate false gods, and will not play the slave ;  
 And woe to him whom once they deem a knave.  
 Though passion may the ship of state careen,  
 The ballast's good : 't will right itself again.  
 Though city trash and hirelings may vote in  
 Their bribing, bullying pimps of social sin ;  
 Yet still as snowflakes, strong as whirlwind  
                   storm,

The purer rural votes will all reform :  
 So that in politics, when years have past,  
*'T is HONESTY that wins the crown at last !*

Pity the man who lives by ends and odds,  
 And likes no drink but nectar of the gods ;  
 Who sure yet lowly independence slights,  
 And seeks to climb ambition's barren heights,—

The peaks of politics, whose slippery ice  
Is never safe, and leans o'er sloughs of vice.  
Like a rosette an office you may wear,  
But how you make the thing a staff beware.  
Our hero oft regrets the life he 's led,  
And contemplates his destiny with dread.  
Though good resolves sprout sometimes in his  
heart,

The season's late, and weeds have got the start.  
Soon thoughts licentious re-assume their place,  
And skeptic doctrines slyly whisper peace.  
But finding that his reputation 's low,  
He grows polite where once he was not so.  
To form acquaintanceship, he takes more pains,  
With men distinguished for their place or  
brains.

A star that cannot shine with native light,  
May faintly gleam another's satellite.  
Before elections these of course will ask,  
That he should dine with them and drink a flask ;

Then, somewhat as clown rowdy of the feast,  
He seeks to make himself a source of jest :  
Some folks whose merits are for note too small,  
Will rather shine in faults than not at all.  
For them his manhood does he prostitute,  
And grow as pliant as a lashed-in brute ;  
For them a cur, to growl, to bark, or bite,  
Just where they point, — no matter, wrong or  
right ;  
Though oft they show him, without much dis-  
guise,  
'T is but the service, not the man, they prize.  
He does the dirty work they dare not touch,  
Though that it should be done behooves them  
much.

On public days he takes especial care  
To put himself forth with conspicuous air,  
In some front place, that all may wish to know  
What great man that is, or what charming beau.

Perhaps by luck and by his impudence,  
He may have to preside there some pretence ;  
Be groom o'er dogs, spittoons, or something less,  
And see his name with gentlemen's in press.  
Such vain conceits in some folks' hearts prevail,  
They 'd rather drag a kettle at the tail,  
Than not to have their merits wide unfurled,  
Or people should not know they 're in the  
world !

No petty charity he ever does,  
But by his care it through the papers goes ;  
And, like small men, the knave, with cunning  
tact,  
Supplies the want of stamina and fact.

You soon, if demagogue, should understand,  
To always have your name and self on hand ;  
Your great love for the people oft parade,  
And what great cares for them your sleep in-  
vade ;

Prove how your services have been their gain,  
And how your views have true prediction been.  
To change like Proteus or chameleon learn,  
From side to side, with every tinge and turn ;  
But if the people's hobby you can climb,  
Then turn fanatic, — ride it all the time !  
For no gold mine such paying veins e'er had,  
As the dear people where they've once run mad.  
Show not yourself too often on the street,  
But greet all dirty rascals then you meet ;  
Though fools, and knaves, and sycophants  
compose

Of human kind at least the half or gross,  
Such still is their egregious vanity,  
The vilest scoundrels would respected be.  
Let friends and journals ever sound your praise,  
And tell how much you'd rather spend your  
days

In sweet retirement, than an office hold ;  
But that you'd keep the wolves outside the fold,  
And sympathize deep in the people's woes —

Against the leaders of your party foes !  
Thus keep yourself in people's eye and breath,—  
To be forgotten is the same as death !

But when you 're high in office, and secure,  
Then place a gang of beadles at your door,  
Like dish-faced H——, and by sent cards  
Determine all your actions and regards.  
Put on an aureole of the sweetest love  
To who can give you still a higher shove ;  
But Wolsey's "lofty and sour," where no gains  
Can follow favor, courtesy, or pains :  
All men are ciphers who are such to you,  
And should be spurned like spaniels from  
your view !

Such policy might well have served our knight,  
Had fewer veterans mingled in the fight :  
But to succeed is not an easy thing,  
Where most are sharpers that make up "the  
ring" ;

Where from all parts for strife together come  
Who oft in hard fields victors were at home, —  
A trained and practised gladiatorial band,  
Who each would win the honors of the land.  
Mastiffs at one another fly most fierce  
When hunger pinches, and the bones grow  
scarce ;  
Gamblers on outside nabobs prey with ease,  
But 'mongst themselves the great devour the  
less.

Life is a constant battle with us all,  
And e'en the best may in the struggle fall :  
'T is parry, thrust, advance, retreat, embark,  
Scale, undermine, ditch, ambuscade, and flank ;  
Wake, watch, and plan, toil, sorrow, risk, and  
bleed, —  
To hold one's ground, or up to higher lead ;  
So when at last the joyful end we reach,  
But few are laurelled, most fell in the breach !

No wonder, then, one morning he surveyed  
A large white billet, on his table laid ;  
Which, opened, dazzled so his swimming gaze,  
He scarce could read, his flesh crept in amaze.  
“ Your services will be dispensed with from  
The first of next month.” What a horrid  
doom !

All day he walked about as zero light, —  
The very ground slipped alien from his sight ;  
But, rallying soon, he sought his friends, and  
then —

Back to his socket soon was pushed again !  
Thus gods of old, so ancient Homer saith,  
Saved their pet heroes in the nick of death.  
Oft foulest ends by fairest means are wrought,  
And friends that stop at right are deemed as  
naught ;  
The maiden’s love and trust to ruin run,  
And royal crimes through gratitude are done.



Now, when he saw himself again restored,  
To loftier heights of insolence he soared ;  
Plunged deeper far into all sins again,  
And gave all passions their unbridled reign.  
Bankrupt in money, character, and sense,  
He cares for neither law nor consequence ;  
Though still to outward show he pays respect,  
For dressing fine has surely its effect.  
A butterfly in fashion's sun and breeze,  
The wants of wintry age he never sees ;—  
Yet why should he be sedulous to save,  
Whose vices soon will take him to the grave.

Ye gods of wrath ! if there is aught can rouse  
The dark detesting scorn to wring my brows,  
It is to see poor merit pushed aside,  
And those who might our blessing be and  
    pride,  
To let some puffed-up, worthless scamp dis-  
    grace  
Himself, his place, his country, and his race !





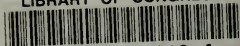








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